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SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6d.



THE LATEST LYCEUM RECRUIT: MISS BRENDA GIBSON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TAMM, MELBOURNE.

## AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I suppose the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes has never stared at the card of a Derby "sweep," and felt the fascination of pursuing wealth without earning it steal through his veins. If prudence be a branch of morals, then my abstinence from the Club "sweep" makes me a positive ascetic. I will confess to the Rev. Hugh that it was not always thus. I have staked my guinea, and drawn a blank. Three years of this experience convinced me that I was not born under the star which shone upon the cradle of Captain Coe, or else that the fairy godmother of chance was not invited to the christening. That capricious old lady befriends the most undeserving; for why should Smith, who is rolling in money, carry off that "sweep" three years running? The proceeds, a mere bagatelle to him, would have established me in luxury for at least three weeks. By coming to the 'osses, so to speak, I should have been able to cut the cackle; in other words, the sixteen columns *per diem* which I am in the habit of writing for my daily crust and a pint of Apollinaris would have been suspended, and I should have disappeared to the mountains with the merry muleteer, loitered on the Appian Way, hunted the mosquito at Biarritz, or primed myself as an authority on Norwegian beer under the Gothenburg system.

Now, none of these things did I enjoy, because Smith, whose life is a perpetual holiday, and who is said by his enemies to be a publisher, pocketed the "sweep" three times, and, I daresay, spent it on cab-fares in a fortnight. It is a marvel that my dairy-full of human kindness was not turned to curds and whey. Last week I had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing a brother scribe seeking philosophy in the same plight. He put down his guinea and drew The Owl, seductive augury for the literary gent who "tu-whits" and "tu-whoos" at midnight, and blinks at you with unspeculating orbs in the daytime. But the omen was a snare, though it contributed indirectly to the stock of virtue by sparing me the pangs of envy. The "sweep," by the usual injustice, was allotted to a millionaire, and my fellow-scribe was left scowling at destiny. As an illustration of the warning, "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken even the guinea that he hath," this may be pleasing to the Rev. Hugh. But will he point the further moral, that this despoiling of the scribes is the penalty of our laxity in regard to gambling? If so, I venture to suggest that the moral should take a spell with the millionaires. There is a hotel full of them close by, and the moral might pass a profitable morning by paying them a call. I don't object to such a visitor now and then, but to have him billeted on you, to feel that your natural expansiveness in the matter of board and lodging is curtailed by him, to see him sitting on your portmanteau when you are thinking of the merry muleteer or the Appian Way—well, that is a dispensation which, saving the presence of the Rev. Hugh, grows a little irksome.

I suppose it needs a special kind of genius to make money without earning it. I have seen a very small stock of cash melt from the tables at Monte Carlo. Those high-bred coursers, the *petits chevaux*, have galloped away with my silver at Boulogne and Montreux, leaving me to murmur, "Farewell, my Arab steed." From a remark dropped by David, I have always inferred that even in the days of the Psalmist the horse was a disappointing beast, and a disparaging allusion by the same authority to the "strength of any man's legs" suggests that the Judaic athletes sometimes falsified the odds. David knew the bitterness of putting the shekels on the wrong competitor, and many of us go on repeating the experience with that pathetic faith in the fallacy of luck which is so distressing to the Rev. Hugh. He cannot see that, as long as the laws of the universe operate in mystery, the sanguine but finite intelligence of man will speculate on anything in motion. I am prudent before the card of the "sweep," because that, at all events, is stationary; but when the roulette wheel is spinning, and the *petits chevaux* are cantering, away goes what the bucks of old used to call the "rhino." Until the Rev. Hugh can prevent the earth from rolling on its axis, and the solar system from performing the same rotatory antic, until round games and round dances, and merry-go-rounds, and the whole universal circle of matter, are squared and stagnant, this fever of gambling will never be expelled from our blood.

Temperament plays so important a part in our affairs that any variations of the national pulse should excite the gravest concern. Somebody has been inveighing against coloured waistcoats, and asking in the same breath why we have ceased to wear white hats. He does not perceive that the conjunction of the white hat and the coloured waistcoat would argue a rise in the public temperature that might justly alarm

the Rev. Hugh. When the white hat, symbol of irresponsible gaiety, went out, I felt this to be a symptom of a glacial epoch in our manners; but the coloured waistcoat and the advent of Sarah Bernhardt promise to restore the equilibrium. If we could become acclimatised to Madame Bernhardt, there would be no danger of an Arctic interregnum, with the Rev. Hugh marking time on an iceberg at Exeter Hall. That the native thermometer is still a little low may be seen by a comparison between Daly's Theatre and the Haymarket. Gismonda is at blood-heat, while the pulse of our English *Fédora* has a measured beat which does not rise to fever till the play is nearly over. In the love-scene, when Loris is prevented by *Fédora* from quitting her house and falling into the ambush she has prepared for him, I was reminded of the last occasion when I saw Sarah Bernhardt in this situation. It was, for all the world, like an amatory combat at the Zoo. Loris, a large gentleman with a resonant voice, stamped and stormed; *Fédora* writhed and screamed. They clawed each other like two wild-cats. Words were not merely articulated; they escaped from grinding teeth, badly bitten in the passage. The air was full of them; they seemed to explode like crackers and spatter the walls. The spectators sat astounded, as if they thought that a few iron bars would have helped to their appreciation of the Slav temperament as interpreted by Sarah Bernhardt and her coadjutor.

Eleonora Duse represented the Russian princess as a mild-eyed lady of domestic habits, unreasonably disturbed by a midnight assassination and a police inquiry. Mrs. Patrick Campbell approximates to the same view, and the wild-cat scene is scarcely out of harmony with the average deportment of a London drawing-room. It is different in the last act, for the English actress rises to a pathetic intensity I have never seen surpassed, while Mr. Tree plays with a concentrated force which shows that even the frenzy of the Slav can carry conviction without ferocious bellowing. But, if we had Sarah Bernhardt always with us, her method might have the effect of a Gulf Stream upon our drama, and check that glacial tendency which is so marked in the public attitude towards tragic love. A French observer I cited last week makes the astonishing statement that love-making on the English stage is quite embarrassing to Parisian propriety. I wonder what this demure witness thinks of certain passages in "La Tosca" and "Gismonda," as they are played at the Théâtre de la Renaissance and elsewhere. As for the amatory business at the Haymarket, I looked round the theatre to see whether it was the gaze of the Rev. Hugh that iced the blood of the players.

Science tells us that the cooling process which is going on throughout the material world will eventually freeze all life on our planet. That is one reason why we should be on our guard against premature refrigeration. I have been reading an interesting book about Irish beauties of the last century, and it is lamentable to observe how our enthusiasm for feminine charms has declined in a hundred years. Time was when Anne Luttrell, a fascinating widow who lured the Duke of Cumberland into a secret marriage, was said to have eye-lashes a quarter of a yard long. This, mind you, was not the Irish eloquence of the period; it was the ordinary comment of sober Saxon judges—sober, that is, except as to the daily allowance of claret. Who would dream of giving such dimensions to a lady's eye-lashes now? Even poetic licence is tripped up when the bard launches into his native effervescence about "passionate lips and importunate limbs." If he were to write such verses as editors printed in honour of Dorothy Munroe, he would be greeted with derision, and the object of his ardour would reward him with frigid displeasure. I am not sure that women quite understand what the imminent glacial epoch means for them. Anatole France says the empire of woman is threatened when civilisation ceases to make her mystery and religion ceases to make her a sin. He might have added that the risk is increased when poetry ceases to turn her into hyperbole. If her eye-lashes are reduced from the quarter of a yard of romance to the precise length of commonplace, does she not suffer? Who writes of her charms now except in the ladies' journals, and in the diction of paraphrase? Who sings of her except the drawing-room ballad-monger, whose words are carefully stifled? There is a vast quantity of rhetoric about her higher education, and her political claims, and her moral crusades; but even novelists have left off describing her mere beauty, and her eye-lashes go begging for sonnets in vain.

Perhaps woman thinks she is exchanging the homage to loveliness for the homage to mind. It is a dubious barter. There is a good deal of what passes for mind in man, together with a plentiful ugliness. Moreover, the conceited creature still believes that in the domain of intellect he is practically a monopolist, and though this may be a gross deception, what becomes of the homage to woman? She may even yet see the wisdom of establishing a Society for the Cultivation of Almond-Shaped Eyes, which were tremendously despotic in the last century.



## FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON, POET AND BIBLIOPHILE.

The announcement of the death of Frederick Locker-Lampson, at Rowfant, Sussex, on Thursday last, will have come as a shock to the many friends of this charming personality. Mr. Locker was born in 1821, his father being Edward Hawke Locker, F.R.S., a Civil Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, and his grandfather, Captain William Locker, R.N., was one of Nelson's most intimate friends. His brother, the late Arthur Locker, was for many years editor of the *Graphic*. Frederick Locker was for a considerable period a *précis* writer at the Admiralty. In the sense of authorship, the late Mr. Locker may be regarded as a man of one book, for, although his name will be found on the title-pages of two others, it is by his "London Lyrics" that he will be best remembered. This delightful little volume of polished *vers de société* first appeared in 1857, adorned with an etched frontispiece by George Cruikshank. In thirty years this book had reached a tenth edition. The other two books for which the author of "London Lyrics" was responsible were "Lyra Elegantiarum," 1867, which was immediately suppressed on account of its containing poems by Landor the copyright of which had not expired—a new edition of this book, jointly edited by Mr. Locker-Lampson and Mr. Coulson Kernahan, appeared in 1891—and "Patchwork," 1879, which was dedicated to Dean Stanley.

Apart from the books which he wrote or edited, Mr. Locker-Lampson will be remembered as one of the most cultured and distinguished of modern bibliophiles. His library at Rowfant is one of the finest of its kind in existence. Nearly every book in it is a gem of the first order of rarity and condition, for the genial owner never bought an imperfect copy of any book of which it was possible to obtain a perfect example. It is especially rich in the works of the Elizabethan dramatists, and is probably the richest of any private library in the world in the first quarto editions of Shakspeare's plays—in several instances the Rowfant library includes one of the only three or four known copies in existence, so that they are practically unique, and not to be had for any money. The Rowfant copy of the First Folio Shakspeare is the third finest known, and it is as clean and perfect as when issued from the press two hundred and seventy years ago. The library contains nearly everything written by that trio of needy and somewhat disreputable wits, Nash, Greene, and Dekker. There are first editions of Dryden and Swift, the first complete edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is here—



MR. LOCKER-LAMPSON.—DRAWN BY MR. DU MAURIER.

the only other known copy is incomplete—while there are also first editions of "Robinson Crusoe," of "Gulliver's Travels," of Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, and many others. The library is divided into three sections: the first division contains books issued from 1480 to 1700, the second from 1700 to 1880, and the third is reserved exclusively to American authors. Latterly, Mr. Locker-

Lampson had turned his attention to French literature, and a fourth section was in course of formation. The room in which the books are kept is virtually a huge safe; it was at one time a small ordinary room, and it has been converted into a fire-proof book-room, with brick walls within brick walls, and a concrete floor nearly two feet thick; a huge iron door served as proof against fire and burglars. The books are all sumptuously bound.

Rowfant is in one of the most beautiful parts of Sussex, a perfect nest of verdure, and the house itself was built some three centuries ago. Rowfant was inherited by Mr. Locker-Lampson and his second wife, the daughter of the late Sir Curtis Lampson. It is rich not only in associations and in books, but also in pictures and in autograph letters.

Mr. Locker married, first, Lady Charlotte Bruce, daughter of the Earl of Elgin; and, secondly, as we have said, the daughter of Sir Curtis Lampson. His daughter by the first marriage was the wife of the late Lionel Tennyson, and is now married to Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q.C., M.P.



Designed by Kate Greenaway.

### THE POET'S GUERDON.

A poet once lived whom all men loved,  
His songs were so tender and true,  
That men's hearts were stirred  
By each heav'n-born word  
And dark lives brighter grew;  
Yet he was sad  
Who made them glad,  
No laurel could heal his woe,  
When he heard one song  
On the lips of the throng  
The unbidden tears would flow—

"O sweet little Rose Marie,  
At rest o'er the Silver Sea!  
That song was thine,  
It is none of it mine,  
For each word was a thought of thee,  
Of thee,  
My lost little Rose Marie."

The poet grew old, and the World grew cold,  
His songs were no longer sung,  
For a younger race  
Had usurped his place,  
And the World is kind to the Young.  
Yet the poet smiled—  
Like a dreaming child—  
No envious thought had he;  
He cared not for fame,  
Nor for praise nor blame—  
He cared only for Rose Marie!

"Oh, sweet little Rose Marie,  
At rest o'er the Silver Sea!  
My race is run,  
And my work is done—  
I am longing, my love, for thee,  
For thee,  
Oh, come to me, Rose Marie!"

Amid the gloom of a darkened room  
One is lying with peace on his brow,  
For the pain and strife  
Of his broken life  
Will soon be over now.  
No friend was near,  
His end to cheer,  
But Death his true friend proved,  
For the Angel came  
And breathed his name,  
And lo! it was she he loved—

"O sweet little Rose Marie!  
I knew thou wouldst come to me;  
Now thou art nigh  
'Tis a joy to die,  
For I know I shall be with thee,  
With thee,  
My guerdon—my Rose Marie.

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Ryde Pier ... .. arr.	1 50	3 0	Sandown ... .. dep.	1 32	3 35
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Shanklin ... .. arr.	2 36	3 38	Portsmouth Harbour ... .. dep.	2 55	4 40
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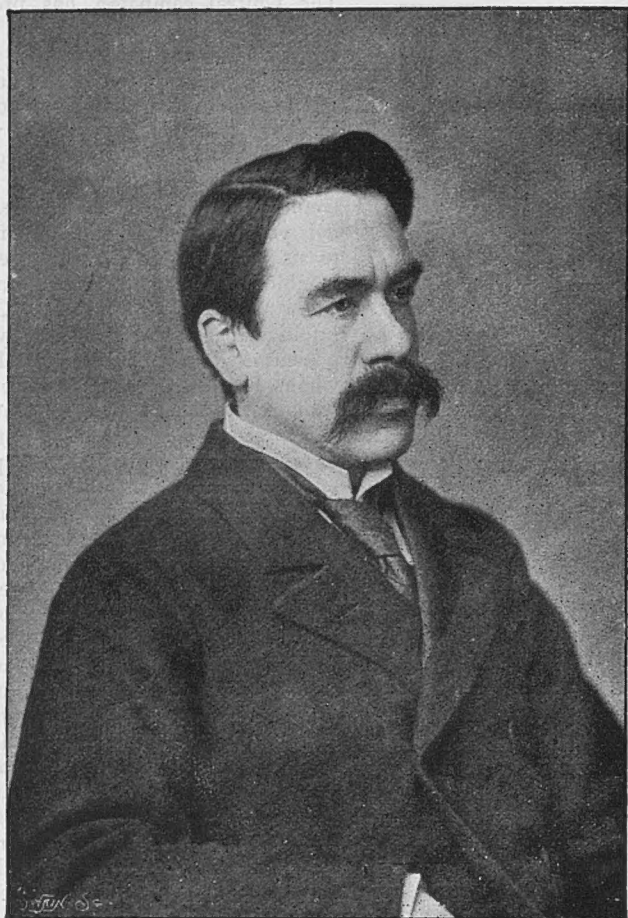
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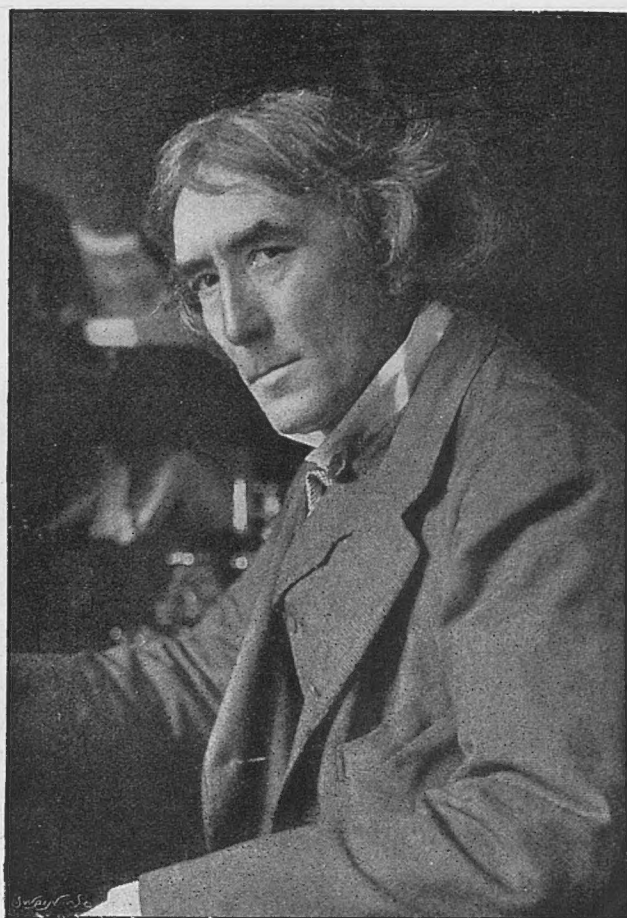


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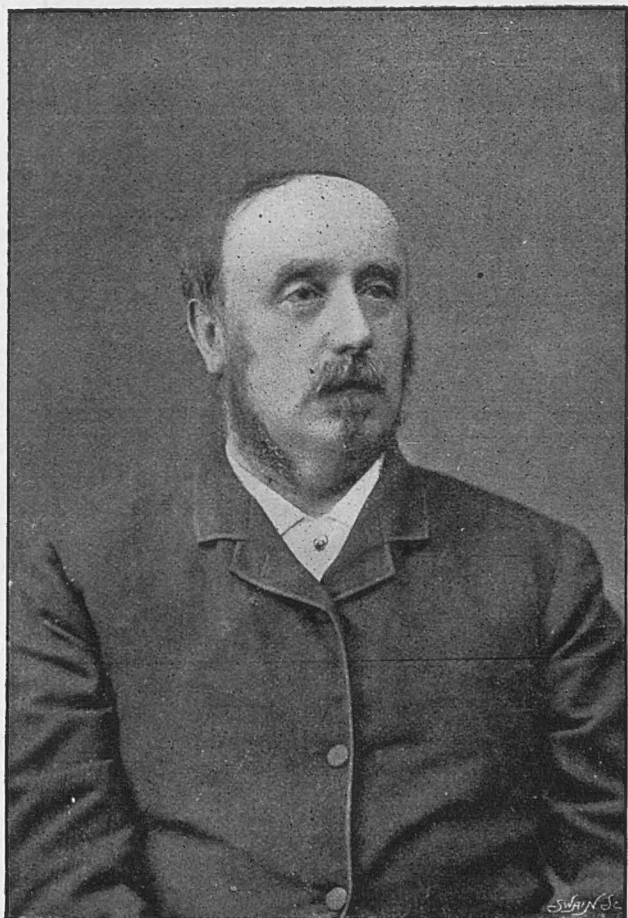
SIR WILLIAM MARTIN CONWAY.

*Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.*



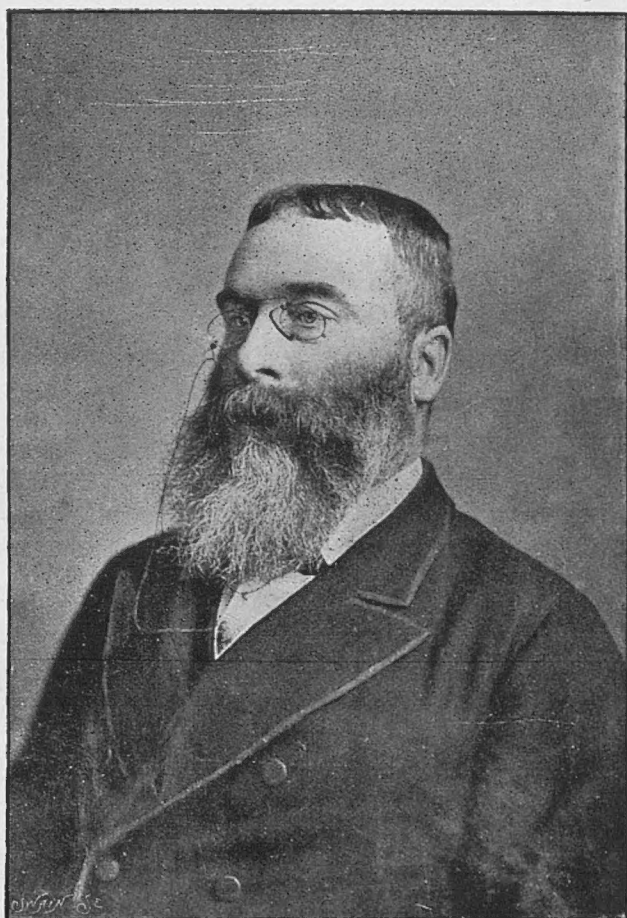
SIR HENRY IRVING.

*Photo by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W.*



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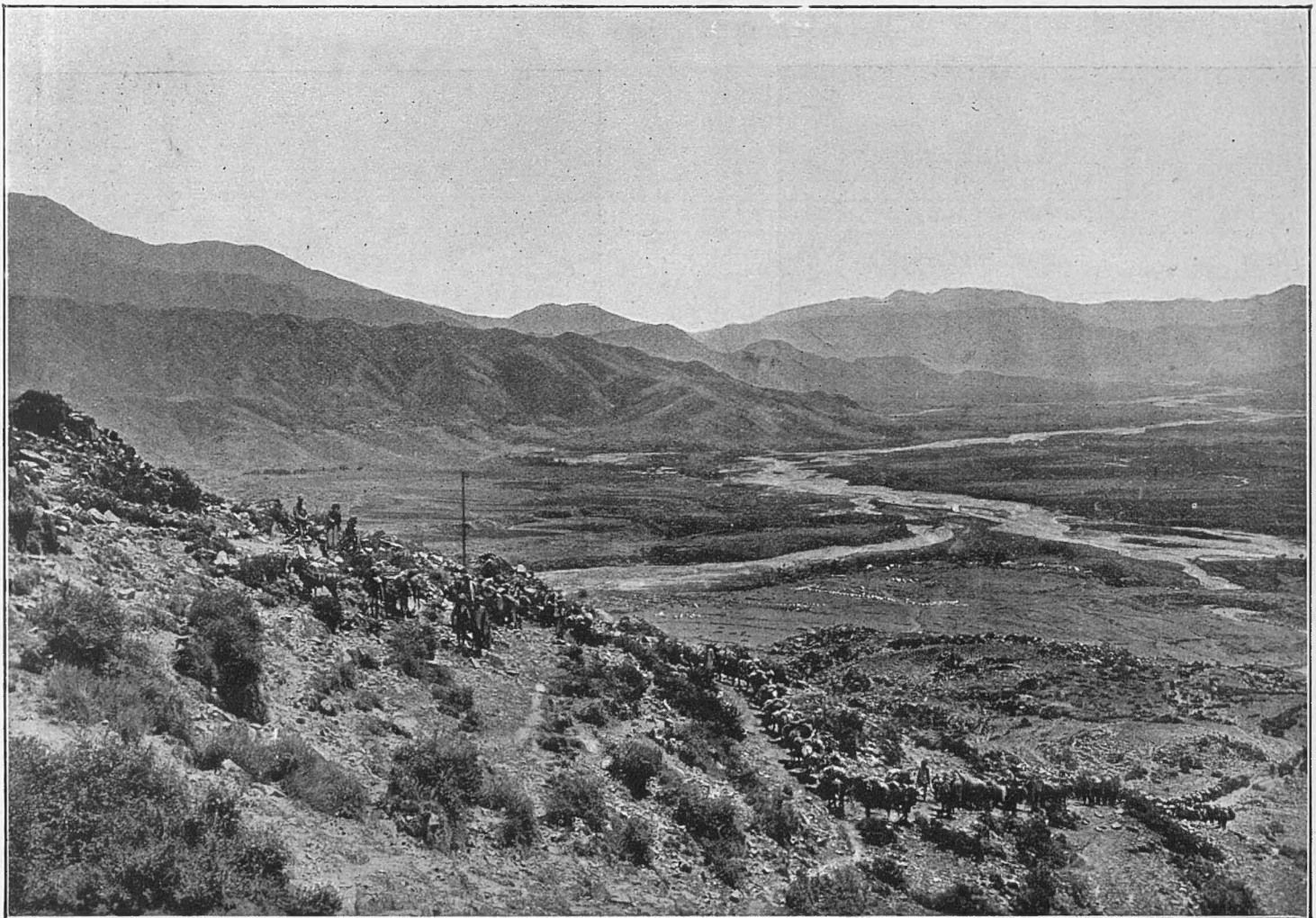
## THE CHITRAL CAMPAIGN.

*Photographs by Sergeant Mayo, R.E. (Bengal Sappers and Miners).*



CREST OF THE JANBATAI PASS: GENERAL LOW, BRIGADIER-GENERAL BLOOD, AND STAFF RESTING AFTER THE ASCENT.

The Chitral campaign has proved one of the least serious of our long series of Indian frontier wars. The country has been described—and the photographs here given corroborate this—as a sea of mountains, with cultivation only in the immediate neighbourhood of the villages. The country is very poor and sterile, yet it is yearly becoming more important to us. The origin of the present trouble may be again briefly stated. The Mehtar, Nizam-ul-Mulk, an intelligent man, was murdered by the present *de facto* ruler, Amir-ul-Mulk, whom he had allowed to return from exile. Umra Khan, a Pathan chief, who has aggrandised himself in his own State of Bajaur, set up his brother in the place of the chief of Dir. Umra Khan is no new frontier character. The Indian Government has had relations with him for a long period. At times he seemed disposed to be friendly, on other occasions he persisted in entering Chitral, and he had to be warned three years running. In January, Dr. Robertson, our political officer at Gilgit, was sent to Chitral to report on the troubles, and when Umra Khan invaded Chitral matters reached a crisis. The relief of Dr. Robertson and his garrison of 290 men, after the brilliant march of Colonel Kelly, is too recent to need to be detailed.

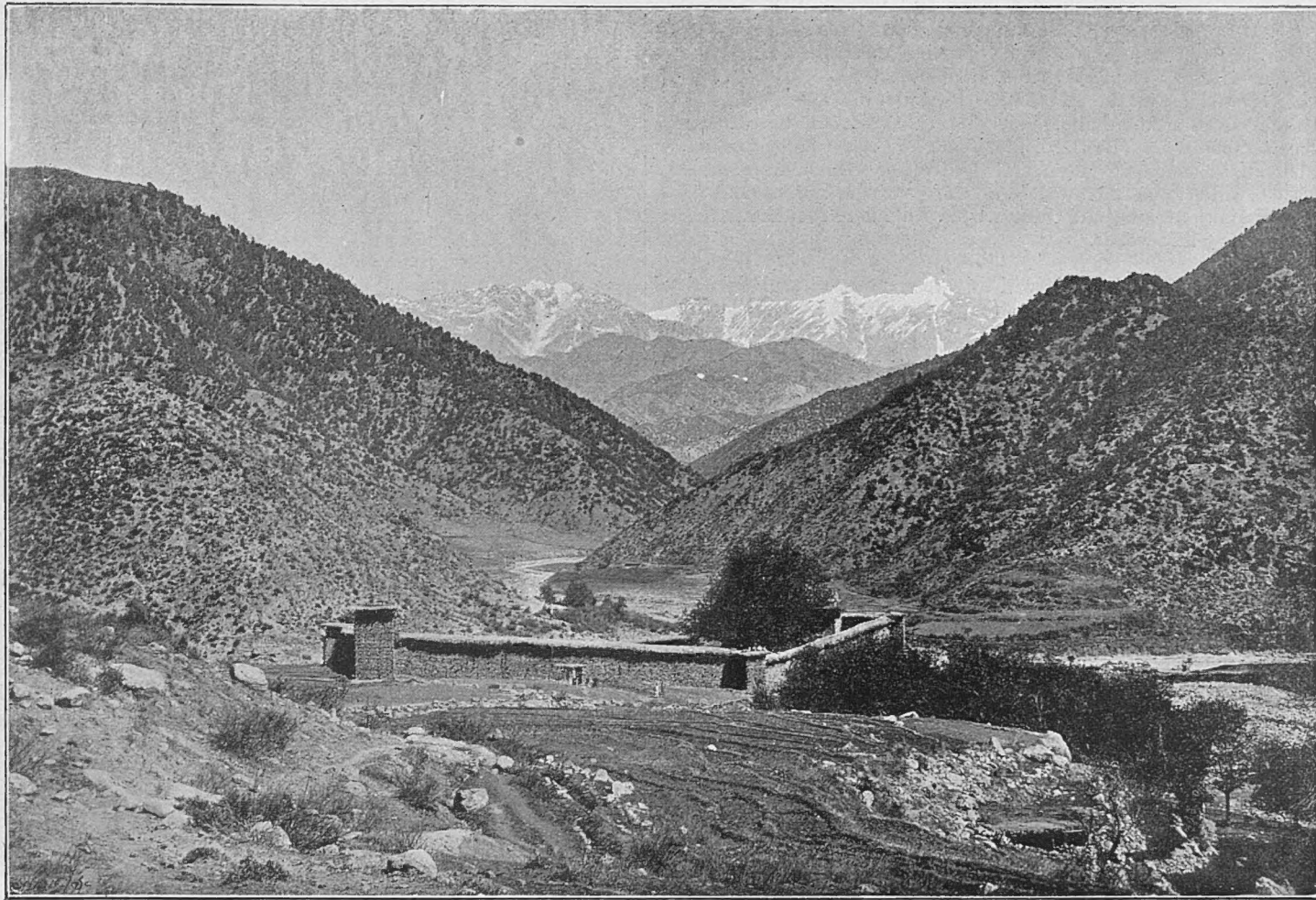


THE JANDOUL VALLEY (UMRA KHAN'S COUNTRY), WITH THE DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS' CAMP AT THE FOOT OF THE PASS.



THE CHITRAL CAMPAIGN.

*Photographs by Sergeant Mayo, R.E. (Bengal Sappers and Miners).*



JANBATAI FORT, AT THE FOOT OF THE PASS, LOOKING NORTH.



SANDRAWAL FORT, ON THE BANKS OF THE BAROUL RIVER.



## SMALL TALK.

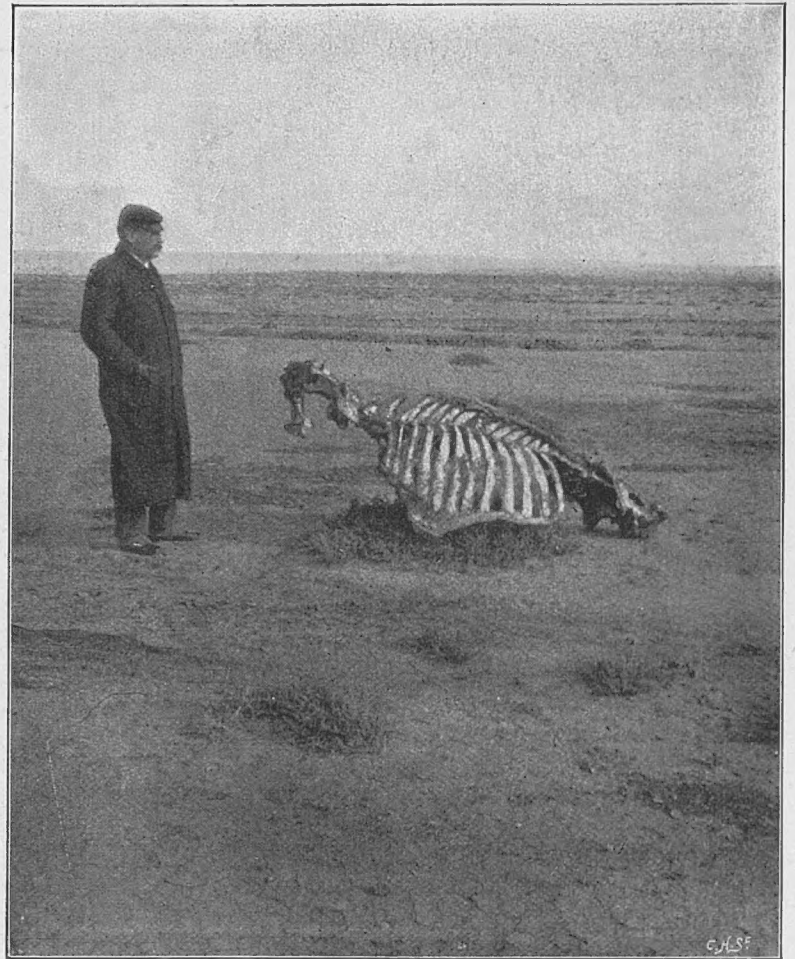
The Queen is to stay at Balmoral until June 21, when her Majesty will return to Windsor Castle for a residence of four weeks, after which the Court is to proceed to Osborne until the end of August. Since her arrival at Balmoral, the Queen has been occupied in visiting the tenants and cottagers on the estate and driving about her domain. The recent dry and warm weather has brought on the flowers and trees so much that everything on Deeside is quite as forward as usual, notwithstanding the late and severe winter. The roads are very dusty, and her Majesty has confined her excursions to the private drives; and the Danzig Shiel, a chalet in the recesses of the Ballochbuie Forest, has several times been visited for afternoon tea. The Dee is beginning to run rather low, but the river is still in excellent "ply," and several fine salmon have been landed. The red-deer in the royal forests are very numerous and in splendid condition this season, and there are large herds of roe-deer in the Birkhall and Abergeldie woods.

The Dowager Duchess of Athole will this week proceed to Dunkeld House, her turn as Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen having expired last week. The Dowager Duchess is a great favourite with the Queen, and exercises an enormous amount of influence at Court in a very quiet way.

The pig-headed obstinacy of the average Continental Custom House is so very great that it must be hard to establish a record. Now and again casual conversation brings to light a case that must be hard to beat, and, as a result of one of these conversations, I claim the bay-leaf or dog-biscuit of supremacy for the Spanish port of Malaga. Many *Sketch* readers will recollect the earthquake that occurred there some ten years ago. It was a shocking business, in more senses than one, and happening, as it did, in the depth of an unusually severe winter, the distress among the poor people was very great. Sympathy was aroused in the breast of civilisation, and subscriptions were raised in England and America, the former country contributing blankets, the latter beef. England's contributions arrived just at a moment when the panic had scarcely subsided. Arrangements were being made to land the blankets, when the Custom House came down and demanded full import dues. It was pointed out that these were a charitable gift, that they had been brought from England freight free, that there was nobody to pay duty. Spanish officialdom was quite superior to these considerations. The blankets were promptly impounded, and on the arrival of the American meat it was treated in similar fashion. The Malaguenians continued hungry and shivering. A year later, by special order from Madrid, the blankets were given out; but concerning the meat, history is silent—it had probably given out long before.

Something quite new in the building arrangements of what Americans call a "sulky" has been sprung on the votaries of fast-trotting within the past week or two. Loungers in the Park are, no doubt, accustomed to many eccentricities of the "private conveyance" order; but the spectacle of a smart cob drawing a light-running "sulky," with the driver's seat perched directly above the animal's hips, caused a distinct sensation on Thursday evening. The Headless Horseman himself could scarcely have created more curious interest, and most of the onlookers are still, no doubt, trying to solve the riddle of this apparition. The new invention is claimed to restrict a trotter's speed less than any other carriage contrivance known, and we shall, no doubt, see more of its paces

at driving contests before long. Two features of the new machine which give it its eccentric air are that the driver's seat is nearer the horse's head, while his feet rest in stirrups just below the shafts. Some facetious youths think the machine admirably suited for the young woman of the time, being both forward and fast. But this is a too-previous play of words, surely.



THE LAST HALT.

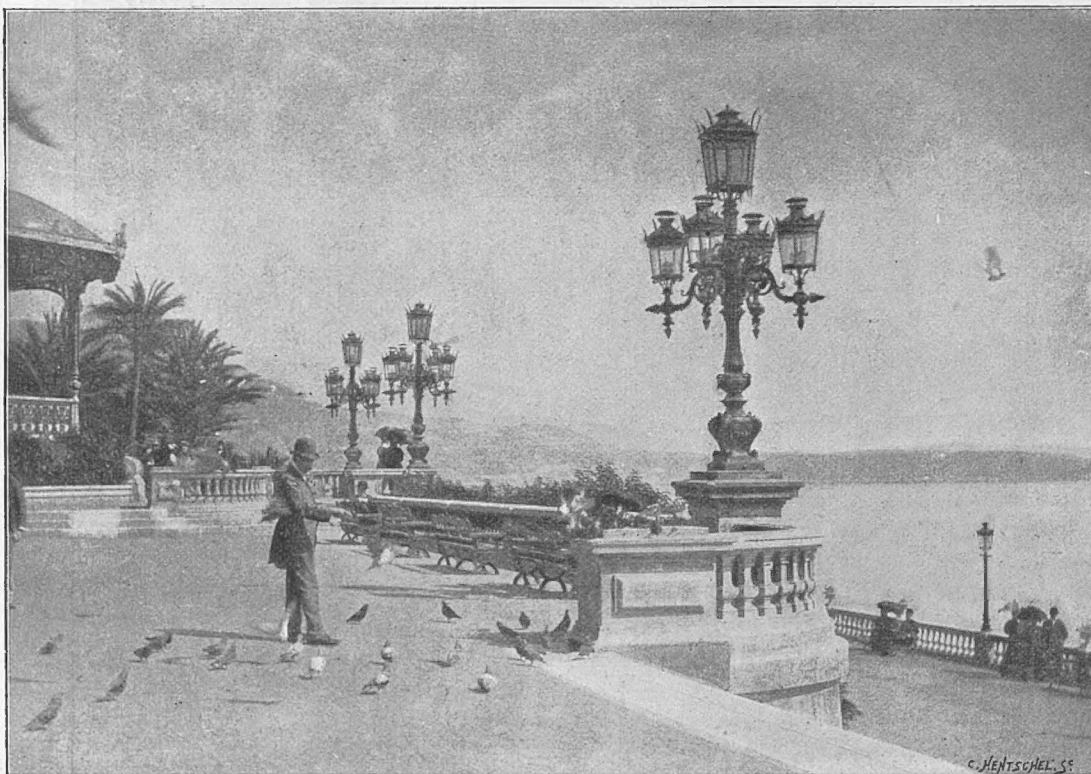
(Photo by A. L. Henderson, Lewisham Road, S.E.)

"The Last Halt"—that is an appropriate title for the accompanying photograph, which shows the skeleton of a camel in the Desert of Sahara. Hundreds of these animals are to be seen daily, heavily laden with dates and other produce, on the way to Biskra, or the nearest market town, and now and again one comes across such a skeleton as is here shown.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll has taken to golf, and may be seen, in the company of the athletic-loving Mr. Max Pemberton, gallantly handling the club, on the links of the Neasden Club, of which he has, indeed, become a member.

One of the most familiar figures at Monte Carlo and the Riviera is Colonel Colomb, who might well be called a friend of feathers. Pigeon-shooting is largely practised at Monte Carlo. Unfortunately, it is not carried out in the most humane manner. Many of the wounded birds alight on the tops of buildings, and die slowly from their wounds or starvation. But they have a true friend in Colonel Colomb, who is to be seen on the terrace and the garden almost daily during the season. The minute the birds recognise him they fly about and follow him by the hundred. The Colonel does not confine himself to the Riviera, but is well known in other parts as a friend of feathers.

One of those well-meaning fanatics who, in trying to do good, cause infinite harm, has been at his old games again. Some time ago, the Rev. Henry Varley, of Exeter Hall reputation, distinguished himself by a clumsy attack on the moral atmosphere of a London place of amusement, and now I find he has been doing much the same out in San Francisco. He there caused much indignation by the audaciously sweeping statement that all the San Francisco theatres would close their doors in six months were it not for "the troops of harlots who throng in and out" of them. When will these "prudes" cease to "prowl"?



COLONEL COLOMB FEEDING PIGEONS AT MONTE CARLO.

Photo by A. L. Henderson, Lewisham Road, S.E.



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Here is the latest achievement of the up-to-date woman, namely, the Haresfoot Ladies' Band, which numbers some five-and-twenty performers, and which gives two concerts to-day at Berkhamsted, in aid of the funds of the West Herts Infirmary. The ladies of this band belong to the best county families in the neighbourhood, and four of them are sisters of the Lord-Proprietor of the Isles of Scilly, Mr. Dorrien-Smith, from whose ancestral seat, Haresfoot Park, the band takes its name. The performances of the ladies, whose conductor is Miss Janet Tatham, are always in aid of charitable objects. The band is composed of five first and four second violins, two violas, three 'cellos, a harp, a double-bass (Miss Maud Dorrien-Smith), a harmonette (representing oboe, clarinet, bassoon, flute), a concertina, two pianistes, and a drum, triangle, and cymbals.

I must congratulate Mr. Stead on his idea of supplying the "penny public" with standard pieces. For the million, he maintains, literature that can't be bought in pennyworths is practically *non est*, so he is bringing out his "Masterpiece Library" at a penny each to supply the man of the masses. He begins, as literature itself began, with poetry, the first of his "Penny Poets" being the "Lays of Ancient Rome," to

Another case for the Psychical Society! A watch case this time. In a railway carriage, the other afternoon, I heard a young and charming lady (I gathered that she was a West Country young lady, where superstition still does more than merely linger) gravely assert that the conduct of watches was influenced by the wearer, and that the timepiece of the best-regulated habits in the world would become either fast or slow in its goings on, according as it was worn by this or that individual. Her friend, an older lady, *not* from the country, was, not unnaturally, incredulous of the truth of the assertion, and felt certain *her* watch would be proof against the influence of any wearer. Whether the fair upholder of this superstition, with regard to the occult influence of human beings on machinery, believed that people of a fast disposition made the watches they wore equally fast, while slow and heavy mortals made their timepieces lose, I was unable to gather; but I confess I should like to know whether any of the readers of this column have ever heard of this strange influence, and, if so, whether they have any reason to attach any credence to the report.

In days of old, when ills were many and doctors few, all people who cured disease by simple herbal applications without having made



THE HARESFOOT LADIES' ORCHESTRA.

PHOTO BY J. T. NEWMAN, BERKHAMSTED

which are added several other popular poems, the lot making a clearly printed book of fifty-eight pages. In addition, there is a supplement of twelve good portraits of celebrities, whose autograph letters supporting the scheme are given in facsimile. I shall be very much interested to hear the result of the experiment.

I have just heard a capital story, which may fairly be described as a farcical modern version of the Judgment of Solomon. A legal action was taking place in a Russian town, the parties to which both claimed ownership of an umbrella that had been left in a *café*. The judge, like his Hebrew prototype, recognised that an umbrella, like a baby, would be a rather difficult thing to divide equitably; and so he adjourned the hearing until the next day, in order that witnesses might have an opportunity of attending. Meanwhile, the umbrella was left in the judge's private room. As ill-luck would have it, just as he was going out, a shower of rain came on, and the judge, without thinking, took the contested umbrella for his own use.

On his way home, he happened to enter another *café*, and from this place also the unfortunate gingham promptly disappeared. Much vexed at this *contretemps*, the judge felt constrained to buy another umbrella. Of course, on the resumption of the proceedings, the witnesses on each side were quite unable to identify the umbrella, and the judge, seizing his opportunity, fined both the suitors for having bothered his mightiness about such a trumpery matter.

an orthodox life-study of medicine were apt to find their remedies received with more suspicion than thanks. Yet, in the rural districts of England there are, to this day, men and women whose attentions make the presence of a doctor unnecessary in all but seriously complicated cases. Even the man with the diploma will confess that for simple ailments these simple remedies amply suffice, backed up as they are by the faith that assists all cures. I have been told by an eminent authority on such matters that a careful study of prevalent methods of earning a living in districts noted for disease will very often reveal the remedy as well as the cause of the infliction. For example, the workers in the sulphur-mines of regions where low fever is common are never attacked, and from that it has been argued, and fairly proved in certain cases, that sulphur will cure this class of fever. Similarly, cholera will always pass over the workers in copper-mines, and native wiseacres in cholera-stricken regions wear a piece of copper next to their skin. A study of the observations which have, in the course of ages, tended to establish the physician's formulæ would be of great interest, and would doubtless justify many of the methods now obtaining in out-of-the-way corners at home and abroad.

A St. Louis editor lately made an astounding proposal, in which the poor classics were to become indeed the handmaids of up-to-date smartness. This editor was barbarous enough to suggest that Homer's *Iliad* should be set to waltz music, and Horace's *Odes* to the strains of a Virginia reel!



## THE OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN.

## THE RETURN OF MADAME PATTI.

The most interesting feature in the *personalia* of the present opera season is undoubtedly the *rentrée* of Madame Patti, which may be expected within the next few days. Madame Patti is the most fascinating figure



MADAME PATTI IN 1861.

in the modern musical world. "Is her extraordinary career really due to her voice or to a combination of fortuitous circumstances?" was once asked of a celebrated musician and singing-master. Unhesitatingly he replied, "The world does not produce such a voice and musical organisation as Patti's once in five generations. Her success is solely owing to her gifts."

The daughter of an Italian father and a Spanish mother, the greatest singer the world has ever known was born in Madrid during the February of 1843. Her voice she seems to have inherited, in a measure, from her mother, who, *née* Barilli, was in her day a noted singer; while the *diva's* histrionic gifts, which are considerable, and which have contributed not a little to her success in opera, came to her from her father's family. Like most children *de la balle*, she could act almost before she could speak.

Madame Patti spent her childhood and youth in America, and may be said to have begun her professional career at the age of eight, when she made her *début* at the Italian Theatre, New York, winning, even then, admiration and commendation from such artists as Alboni, Sontag, and even the great Mario himself. Among Madame Patti's earliest recollections is that of the appearance of Mario and Grisi in New York. Living so entirely in a theatrical and musical atmosphere, the child had naturally heard a great deal about the famous couple, and, with infinite pains, she managed, on the morning of their first performance, to procure a small nosegay, with the intention of presenting it to Madame Grisi. When the moment arrived, little Adelina screwed up her courage and advanced timidly with her offering; but the singer, tired and overwhelmed with the ovation she had just received, waved her aside, with the words, "Not just now, little girl." Much discomfited, the child was retiring in confusion, when Mario good-naturedly caught her up in his arms, and, kissing away the tears, promised to keep her little nosegay for ever. More fortunate than most child-prodiges, Adelina Patti's voice was not injured by her early successes. Thanks, firstly, to her mother's half-brother, Ettore Barilli, and, secondly, to the distinguished pianist, Maurice Strakosch, who, later, married her sister Amalie, she received an admirable vocal training; and when she made her *début* at the New York Academy of Music, in "Lucia di Lammermoor," the news was sent far and wide that a great star had risen in the musical firmament. This occurred in the November of 1859, when the *diva* was still wanting some months of her sixteenth birthday.

Since that eventful day, Adelina Patti's record has been one of unbroken triumph. At the age of eighteen she came to Europe, appearing in London for the first time on May 14, 1861, at the Italian Opera House in Covent Garden in "La Sonnambula." The whole English world, musical and otherwise, went mad over the beautiful young singer, who soon proved herself almost as great an actress as she was a vocalist. Exorbitant prices were willingly paid by those anxious to hear her for seats in the Opera House, and no artist was ever more cordially welcomed by London society. Like most singers, she longed ardently to have her English and American reputation consecrated by Parisian applause, and great was her delight to find that her first appearance in the French capital was greeted with the same delighted appreciation she had already obtained from English-speaking people. During her first European tour she made what was then a fabulous sum

for an artist, £24,000, and three years later became regularly attached to the Paris Italian Opera House. Paris, with its brilliant Imperial Court, was in the 'sixties styled the capital of the world; and the lovely singer—who, in addition to her voice, possessed exceptional beauty and charm of manner—was the spoilt darling of the Parisians.

The years that followed were probably the happiest and most brilliant of Madame Patti's existence. Her contract did not prevent her paying occasional visits to London, Brussels, and St. Petersburg, where she quickly became a personal favourite with the Czar and his family. Few people know that Madame Patti is the only foreign lady singer possessing the Order of St. Catherine, founded in 1714 by Peter the Great in honour of his wife.

In the May of 1866 she married the bearer of one of the oldest names in France, the Marquis de Caux, Napoleon III.'s equerry, and a leader of French society. At first the public feared that the Marquis meant to retire from the operatic stage; but quite the contrary took place, for M. de Caux resigned his official position at Court and accompanied his wife during all her professional tours. In 1867, the year following that of her marriage, Madame Patti's Juliet proved the operatic



IN 1872.

attraction of the Paris season; while, in another of Gounod's operas, her Margherita, although it challenged comparison with that of several other great singers, was pronounced by the critics her most successful creation. As most people know, the *diva* separated from her husband within twelve years of their marriage, and has since become the wife of Signor Ernest Nicolini, who was once well known as a tenor, and who seems to possess all the qualities in which Napoleon III.'s equerry was conspicuously lacking.

Madame Patti has been so successful in every rôle she has ever attempted that it is by no means easy to single out her greatest parts. As Violetta in "La Traviata" she may be said to have really made the success of that somewhat poor opera. In Rome she sang Verdi's "Aida" with great success, and her Martha proved that, in addition to her other gifts, she possessed a rare and original vein in comedy. She is said to entertain a great admiration for Wagner, and has more than once expressed her intention of giving the public an opportunity of hearing her interpreting his work. Like most singers, she prefers to sing in Italian, but she possesses rare linguistic power, and speaks fluently English, Italian, French, and German—strange to say, with the suspicion of an American accent at times.

Of late years Madame Patti has made England, or, to speak more correctly, Wales, her home; she rarely visits London, excepting with a view to business, and her whole heart seems bound up in her country house, Craig-y-Nos Castle, a picturesque building, first seen by her twenty years ago, when she was making an excursion in the Swansea Valley. Since she bought the estate Madame Patti has spent over two hundred thousand pounds on the house and grounds, and she has often been heard to say that nowhere else has she found herself so well in health, or her voice in such good condition. The stories that are told of life at Craig-y-Nos sound like a page out of the "Arabian Nights." No royal palace situated in the midst of a great city can boast of possessing more perfect arrangements for the comfort, luxurious ease, and amusement of the hostess and her guests. From all parts of the world botanists and landscape-gardeners come to



IN 1861.



see the conservatories, beautiful grounds, and splendid winter-garden in which much of the *diva's* time is spent. Over a hundred servants are employed in and about the castle, and on Sundays, excepting in a case of absolute necessity, no work is done by those so fortunate as to be in Madame Patti's service. Gas, electricity, and ice are manufactured on the estate; but to most people the theatre, on which the mistress of Craig-y-Nos has spent not only thousands of pounds, but much thought and consideration, would be considered the most interesting portion of the castle. The front of the "house" has been graced by the presence of more than one royalty, and some of the most notable actors and singers of modern days have, at various times, found themselves at home in the cosy dressing-room and green-room of the *diva's* theatre. Nothing is lacking in the way of scenery, costume, and illumination; an excellent orchestra discourses sweet music in the intervals of each performance; and a special gallery is set aside for the peasantry of the neighbourhood, who are always welcome to enter it and witness what is going on. Another exceptionally interesting feature of the castle is an orchestra, equal in force to the simultaneous performance of sixty musicians, which plays over a hundred overtures, pieces of dance-music, and operatic selections.

Most musical and artistic celebrities are familiar with Madame Patti's Welsh home, for her favourite pastime is entertaining, and she carries the art of being hostess to its highest point of perfection. Her kindness of heart is proverbial, and hundreds of men and women belonging to the profession of which she is the most brilliant member could, if they would, tell of many acts of kindness and intelligent sympathy performed unostentatiously by the great *diva*. As may be easily imagined, however, Madame Patti is a good woman of business, inasmuch as she knows how to choose both her friends and her dependents. Not a little of her comfort—and, it may be said, success—has depended for many years on her faithful companion, Fräulein Caroline Baumeister, an Austrian lady, who acts as the famous singer's confidential secretary, housekeeper, and financial adviser.

Madame Patti's wardrobe is probably the most extensive in the world. She keeps all the costumes she ever wore on the stage, and, when she is at home, her five hundred large trunks are kept in a room where an even temperature is maintained night and day.

A greater lover of music—just for music's own sake—I never knew than Adelina Patti. She loves Wagner and Bach, but none the less does she worship Strauss and Lestocq. Nay, I think, if the truth be told, she adores Offenbach the most of all. An organ playing in the street is a joy to her. She will stop in whatever she is doing and sing with it, or with a bird in its cage. I have seen her hovering round her billiard-table—she is peculiarly keen on billiards—and, cue in hand, quite unconsciously will she trill out a shower of staccati between her strokes, or throw in a matchless cadenza as she pockets a ball. There isn't a negro-melody she does not know. "Oh, dem golden slippers!" is a favourite of hers, and "Keep the train a-movin'" is another. I



AS VALENTINE IN "THE HUGUENOTS."

have even heard her sing that long-forgotten hymn—to most of us—"Oh! let us be joyful—joyful—joyful!" She learnt it at school, and it often runs in her head to-day. And never does she enjoy herself more than when starting some popular air after dinner at Craig-y-Nos, and her friends join in the chorus, thumping time, and contributing to the general hilarity.

One of Patti's most conspicuous charms is her absolute naturalness of manner, a manner which could never have anything added to it, or taken away, were she in the society of prince or blacksmith. Her first husband remarked to a friend of mine, not very long before his death, "What I most admired in Adelina was her absence



MADAME PATTI AT THE PRESENT TIME.

Photo by Siedle Bros., Swansea.

of all affectation. And, like herself, her singing is still the most unaffected thing in this world." The Marquis spoke the truth. It would be impossible to find a more simple, childlike creature than Patti. One of the secrets of her success at the Courts she once so frequently haunted was this piquant *insouciance* and candour of hers. The Russian Emperor and Empress told her she might call them "Papa and Mamma" if she chose, and she immediately availed herself of the permission in the most casual way possible. At Marlborough House she dined one night with the Prince and Princess of Wales, now many years ago. When coffee was handed round, she tasted hers, and, not liking the flavour, set it down hurriedly with a little *moue* of distaste. "Oh! Sire!" she exclaimed, turning to the Prince of Wales, "que votre café est dégoûtant!" I believe the Prince was much tickled at her frankness, and expressed his admiration, with a hearty laugh, to a friend standing by.

Then there was the old Emperor William, who certainly never forgot her cavalier treatment of him at Homburg, and liked her, he declared, all the better for it. Patti at that time can scarcely have been older than eighteen or nineteen years, and was staying there with her father, fulfilling an engagement at the Opera. The Emperor heard her sing, and was charmed—who was not?—with her wondrous crystal voice and bewitching little tricks of manner. He sent a message by his aide-de-camp, "that he drank his waters at seven o'clock in the morning, and it would afford him the greatest pleasure if Signor and Mdle. Patti would accompany him on the promenade." Patti was a little Republican in those days, and her Yankee notions still clung to her pertinaciously. "Me go and walk up and down in the early morning after I have been singing—or, for that matter, when I have not been singing?" she exclaimed, with a stamp of the foot, to the amazed aide-de-camp. "Go back and tell his Majesty, No! not for him or for any Prince who ever lived!" The message was conveyed, interlarded with no polite fictions, and was never forgotten. Not very long before he died, Patti went to sing for a few nights in Berlin. The Emperor, with the rest of the world, "assisted" at her representations. At the close of the last, not feeling well, he sent her a very gallant little message, begging her to excuse his not coming round to her reception-room to see her himself, but would she do him the favour of visiting him in his box? Patti was very much touched; and when she came into his presence the tears rose to her eyes. "I would run anywhere to see your Majesty to-day," she said simply. The Emperor, remembering the bygone days, was, for his part, equally touched, and nothing could have been more amicable than the meeting of these two sovereigns.

But, above all things, Patti is a singer. A singer most exquisitely endowed with a voice of timbre altogether unique, which has this strange quality, that when you have not heard it, even for a short space, you cannot in the least recall its tones, scarcely its mellow sweetness. You are half inclined to say that, after all, Madame Telle ou Telle is as



great a *prima donna* as Patti. Then you hear her—Patti—again, and you know you are wrong. No voice within living memory has ever equalled it. You compare it with a violin, with the song of a nightingale, with the rippling of distant water. To everyone Patti's voice suggests something different. To me it suggests the striking of a crystal hammer upon a crystal bowl; and the sound which issues is warm, pure, vibrating. As an artist, you do not quite know where to place her; and it mortifies you that she has sung "Home, Sweet Home,"



MADAME MELBA.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

and "Comin' through the Rye," so persistently for thirty or forty years, when she might have charmed you with the Largo of Handel, or Mignon's "Kennst du das Land?" Well, if Patti is not altogether a great artist, she has very distinguished artistic qualities; you cannot deny that her rendering of Mozart is the most admirably restrained, the purest, the most delightful warbling you ever heard. It has been granted to very few to hear her in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," from Handel's "Messiah." That good fortune was mine one day in the green woods near Craig-y-Nos. Nothing could have been more reverent, more spiritual. Of her execution it is needless to speak. The extraordinary velocity, the triumphant ease and certainty of every vocal flight, has long been praised and praised again. Her dramatic power, once unsuspected, asserted itself amazingly when first she appeared in "Aida," an opera in which she sang with quite matchless fervour, sweetness, and force, and which, in my humble opinion, was her most notable impersonation.

### NOTES FROM THE OPERA.

In writing last week concerning Mr. David Bispham, I hardly did justice to his work in "Fra Diavolo." Certainly, the part of Lord Roeburg, the comic Englishman, to some extent, plays itself; but he gave a novel touch to its humours and rendered it funnier than the foreign performers that I have forgotten in the part. Up to now, the season has not given us any startling novelty, perhaps; but, as member after member of the extraordinary company comes to London, there are excellent, interesting performances of old friends.

For instance, the arrival of Madame Melba procured a production of "Faust" that delighted everybody. One hardly expected that her voice or singing would show any improvement. Yet, perhaps that splendid voice has gained something in strength and fulness. Her acting, however, displays an advance, and, though she will never act the part half as well as she sings it, her playing was more than respectable. By-the-bye, we noted that in her singing she seemed a little lazy: such absolute ease she seemed to show when she produced a splendid volume of lovely sound that at times she appeared to sing in a wilfully economical fashion. What a trio! Melba as Marguerite, Plançon as Mephistopheles, and Alvarez as Faust. All the three parts splendidly filled. The new American singer, who has converted Brazor into Brazzi, as Siebel, created a favourable impression, without quite proving that she will ever do great things; yet her work was good enough to make one wish to hear her again.

"Is 'Falstaff' going to hold its own?" was a question asked in the huge theatre. Certainly, there was not quite the enthusiasm which it caused last year. Is it really too hard a nut for our public? One can hardly say. Certainly all its wonderful qualities did not enable it quite to catch the house, though the performance was very good. I fear that, after all, the simple humours of a "Fra Diavolo" better represent the taste of the public than the complex beauties of "Falstaff." It would require a capital memory to give a list of the Carmens one has heard. Off-hand, one can name Minnie Hauk, Selina Dolaro, Marie Roze, Calvé, and I know I have forgotten half-a-dozen that have delighted me more or less in the charming opera. Mdlle. Zélie de Lussan on Friday showed that she, both as actress and singer, is entitled to a very high place in the list.

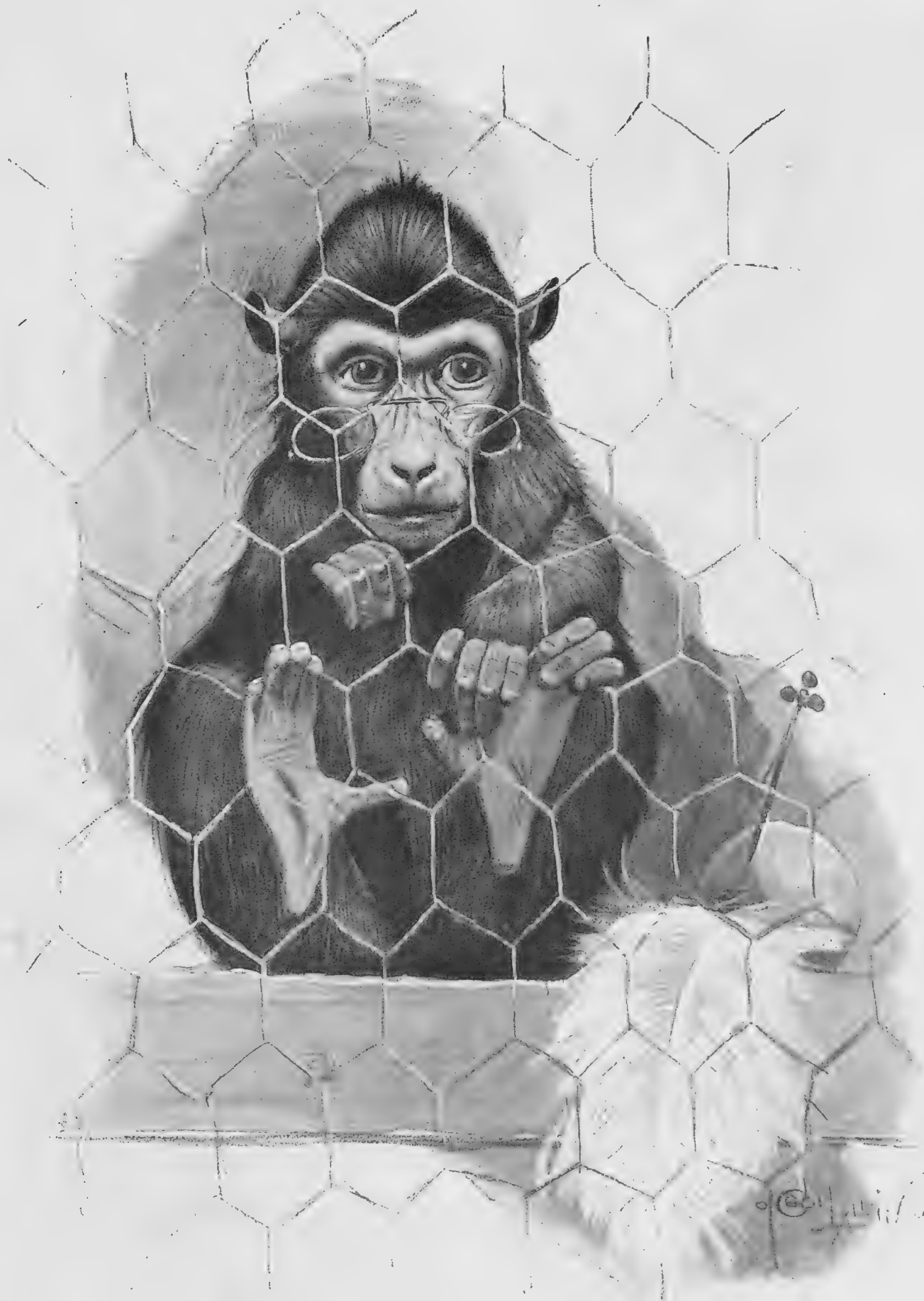
No doubt, the startling, impressive performance by Calvé somewhat overshadowed the work of the American singer, but it was really of high class, and the caressing, clinging aspect was admirably presented. The Don José of Signor de Lucia was exceedingly good, and he almost startled the house by the fervour of his singing in the "Flower Song." Signor Ancona looked splendid as the Torcador, and the force and fire of his singing in the famous song called forth an enthusiastic *bis*. Miss Marie Engle, perhaps, was a little colourless as the rather uninteresting Michaela, but certainly is entitled to some praise for her work. The performance, as a whole, was very good.

Señor Zerega's band of mandoline-guitar players gave a concert in Prince's Hall last week. A dozen ladies played first mandolines, ten played second mandolines, Lady Edwards-Moss and Miss M. Feilding played mandolas, two others played bass guitars, and the band was completed by sixteen guitars. Miss Mabel Berrey sang, very well, "Mia Picciarella," and Mr. Braxton Smith gave two old ballads with decided charm of voice and style. Then Señor Zerega smiled and waved his bâton, and the fair ladies began Hermano's overture "La Corona." This was followed by a serenata, wherein bells seemed to tinkle *à la* Theosophical Society. A Moorish Fantasia was next given by the talented players. It had a



MR. DAVID BISPHAM.

vocal accompaniment from behind the scenes. There were ever so many anti-climaxes in the piece, heralded, as it were, by the sudden bursting of inflated paper bags! Great applause was the reward of Señor Zerega's clever band. Miss Marguerite Hall sang Bizet's "Habanera de Carmen" so well that she was encoored, and a like fate followed Mr. Mel. B. Spurr's comical "Tin Gee-Gee." In the second part of the programme there were other attractive features by the Zerega Spanish Troubadours, Colonel O'Callaghan, R.A., and the singers before mentioned.



"ZOO" STUDIES: A PRIVATE COLLECTION.





*THE MAY.*

*The spreading spray  
Is white with may;  
And summer's dower  
Is with us in its rare array  
Of bud and flower.*

*The spreading spray  
Is white with may;  
The blossom-load  
Shades from the glaring sun by day  
The dusty road.*

*The spreading spray  
Is white with may;  
Mayhap 'tis late,  
But then it will the longer stay  
In royal state.*

*The spreading spray  
Is white with may;  
All living things  
Are gladdened by the rich display  
That summer brings. J. M. D.*

## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

## XLI.—MR. T. H. S. ESCOTT ON "THE TIMES."

Mr. Kinglake's amusing chapter in his "Invasion of the Crimea" concerning the *Times* proprietary is not, I suppose, quite forgotten. My own experiences in early childhood enable me to supply a personal testimony to that truthful analysis of the *personnel* of the body which owns, or did own, the leading journal. In the South Devon seaside village where, not long ago, poor Hawley Smart died, there lived, somewhere during the 'fifties, in modest state and great comfort, a maiden lady whose name I have forgotten. A sleek footman in half-livery, supported with an enormous staff and followed by a tiny terrier, used to accompany his mistress when, in her landau or on foot, she took her airings. The amiable spinster was a good genius for children throughout the neighbourhood, and at all anniversaries used to descend in a shower of gifts upon them. She belonged to no county family. There was nothing to justify the belief that her wealth was really great, but no one ever applied to her twice



THE LATE MR. WALTER.

Photo by Window and Grove, Brooke Street.

for payment; she never refused a subscription to a local charity or amusement. She was the rector's right-hand lady in all good works. Her favourite pastime, apparently, was to lose sixpences at some round game with the doctor's olive-branches.

Suddenly, about the season of the mummers, the secret of this elderly maiden's identity transpired. The village hairdresser, enumerating to a stray customer the hamlet's celebrities, gave a place among them to "the proprietress of the great *Times* newspaper," which then, the epoch being that of the Crimean War, was spoken of throughout the kingdom's remotest parts with all the awe and interest belonging to royalty.

Such, indeed, with a little pardonable exaggeration on Figaro's part, proved to be the fact. The antique and kindly virgin was, in literal truth, one of the innumerable personages, ranging from territorial millionaires to half-pay captains, described in "Eothen's" diverting catalogue, who had an atomic interest in the profits of Printing House Square. But South Devon, at this era, possessed among its inhabitants a more important representative of the great organ than this blameless and benevolent dame. Either at Otterton or Ottery St. Mary, some three miles higher up the river, there resided a clergyman who was none other than, as J. T. Delane and Lord Palmerston both loved to call him, the true and original "Man in the White Hat." This divine's name was Fraser, and there is some reason for shrewdly suspecting that, if the secret archives of Blackfriars were searched, they would show Mr. Fraser to have been the author of many literary criticisms attributed to Mr. Lucas, the chief executant of more than one "leader" popularly credited to Mozley, as well as a kind of understudy for Edward Sterling during some of the years that "Vetus" had been the "Thunderer" of the *Times*. Not that this gentleman ever proclaimed his connection with the head of the "Fourth Estate." Only the village gossips, whom he shunned, had discovered the frequent despatch from his dwelling of unmistakable "copy," and the arrival beneath his roof of envelopes blazoned with the Walter dynasty's proprietary bearings.

When Mr. Fraser was in the country, it was his business to mingle as much as possible with squires, parsons, farmers, rural traders of all degree, and to collect, as he had a rare genius for doing, from their casual talk, the authentic drift of their ideas on current events. When in London, or in other populous centres, his task was analogous. Never being off duty, he could not even court slumber on the railway journey between Exeter and Paddington, nor, when in an omnibus or other public conveyance, retreat from an uncongenial environment into the sanctuary of his own meditations. No criticisms or judicial functions of any kind were expected or desired. His sole business was to discover what the street passengers thought; to convey his researches to the great editor and his colleagues, leaving to them alone the appraisal and interpretation of his budget. The stipend attached to this humble but invaluable function was estimated by those who professed to know at £500 a twelvemonth.

Very many years were to elapse before I became acquainted in the flesh with any of those responsible for the production of that broadsheet which is the most complete contemporary record of the whole world's diurnal history ever yet devised by the wit of man. During my undergraduate days at Oxford, which came to an end towards the close of the 'sixties, more than one of my tutors or superiors were vaguely said to be in the pay of Printing House Square. The sole contemporary of mine who, I have some reason to believe, really answers, to-day, to that hazy description is Mr. J. R. Thursfield, formerly scholar, I think, of Corpus, as well as "proxime" for the Ireland and Hertford, if not their actual gainer; more recently the author of the best short monograph extant on the great Sir Robert Peel.

The august Delane it was, through the introduction of my revered friend, the late Bishop Wilberforce, my privilege to know as well—or rather, as little—as a then very youthful and verdant journalist was likely to be acquainted with the mightiest editor in the world—the arbiter, as he was, not merely of politics, but of society. He was good enough to ask me to look in upon him about the luncheon hour, in his house in Serjeant's Inn, somewhere towards the close of the 'sixties.

As, however, the great man persistently addressed me by the patronymic of certain cousins of mine whom he had known socially, namely, as Mr. Keke-wich, it does not seem hazarding a great deal to say that my identity left no very definite impression upon him. The only allusion he suggested in his conversation to his editorial chair related to the fact of his not being a very early riser. The Primacy happened, at this moment, to be vacant. Dr. Tait's appointment was still to be announced. "S. Oxon" was vaguely indicated by rumour as a probable candidate for Augustine's Chair. The sole reference to any current event made by my illustrious host was apropos of my introducer and our common friend: "The Bishop, I think, has his eyes rather keenly set on Lambeth just now."



THE HON. G. C. BRODRICK.



PROFESSOR CHENERY.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



Long after this little incident, when calling for editorial instructions upon the conductor of the *Hour*, for which, under my very vigorous chief, Captain Hamber, I wrote innumerable leaders during its too brief career, and whose controller received his staff in Serjeant's Inn, next door to Delane, I frequently used to meet the great man, as, about 3 p.m., he started for his "morning's" constitutional on horseback, and always received a salutatory wave of the hand.

One very good reason why neither I nor anyone else in my position could in those days know the *Times'* writers was that these gentlemen never talked about their business out-of-doors, or encouraged, by significant

deprecations, any suspicion of their employment. For instance, Antonio Gallenga, who, when he was not acting as "special correspondent" in America or Europe, was the most brilliant of leader-writers, never breathed a word of the fact that, from midnight to the small hours, he was locked up in his own private den on the premises, compiling, collating the latest foreign news, and, with his comments, embodying them in the leading columns as he alone among publicists could. Leonard Courtney, Louis J. Jennings, G. C. Brodriek, to-day Warden of Merton College, Robert Lowe (Lord Sherbrooke), Delane's most frequent



MR. ABRAHAM HAYWARD.

Photo by A. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

guest at dinner, were then unknown to me. But I am quite certain that none of these genuine, but not self-advertising, makers of the *Times* prattled in drawing-rooms about their articles with the loquacious innocence of an undergraduate who has just squeezed a sonnet into a magazine. Among the Oxford pens employed nearly a quarter of a century ago upon the *Times* under Delane was, as has been said, G. C. Brodriek, who, the writer previously appointed for the task failing at the eleventh hour, was, rather to his own consternation, entrusted by the editor with the "leader" on the Indian Budget, A.D. 1857.

The two chief editorial pillars of the newspaper which Thomas Barnes made famous, known of late years to me at all intimately, have been Thomas Chenery, Mr. Buckle's immediate predecessor, and Chenery's erstwhile *adlatus*, as he had been Delane's before him, Sir G. R. Dasent. The great Delane myth, as it has been developed by men knowing nothing of him save his name, would have amused no one more than Delane's successor, unless it had been Delane himself. The idea of the great man superintending the actual manipulation of paste and scissors, personally revising sub-editors' "head-lines," and emending sub-editorial titles, is, for the most part, a delusion. Delane's business was not, as some seem to think to-day, to enshroud himself in a Jovian mist of invisibility, but to dine out every night, and to come down to his office primed with the latest authentic talk of Whitehall or Mayfair. He corrected his proofs like other editors, sometimes improving them by a happy touch of his own, as, for instance, when to the clever Nick Wood's capital description of the Sayers *versus* Heenan battle, he added the words, "Restore the prize ring? As well talk of restoring the Heptarchy." Though naturally shy and scholarly to an extent which Delane was not, Chenery, as a matter of duty, dined out a good deal, and in his own, the same dwelling where Delane had lived before, gave the pleasantest dinner-parties, his guests often being Sir George Dasent, F. A. Eaton, Secretary of the Royal Academy, A. W. Kinglake, and Abraham Hayward, who for decades was retained informally, as an occasional contributor on special topics, for the columns which Arthur Locker's Society verses sometimes enlivened. Sir William Harcourt, though he wrote the "Historicus" letters and other epistles in support of Lord John Russell's Liberalism, would not contradict the statement that he was at no time a paid member of the *Times'* staff, and was simply one of the many outsiders to whom Delane, as a social friend, offered, in his own phrase, the hospitality of his columns.

Messrs. Walter Hill and Company, 67 and 69, Southampton Row, have published for the Great Northern Railway Company a neat guide containing particulars of farmhouse and country lodgings to be obtained during the holiday season at places adjacent to stations on the Great Northern Railway in Hertfordshire, Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire. Mention must also be made of a very useful guide for the coming holiday season, giving full particulars of the issue of tourist and other special tickets from London to the tourist resorts of Scotland, the East Coast watering-places, Norfolk Broads, &c. The book is profusely illustrated, and contains a quantity of useful information to the intending traveller. Both books may be had at the company's booking offices.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The latest list of Birthday Honours is in many respects notable. For the first time an effort has been made to associate literature and the drama with the political, diplomatic, or engineering services that have made so many knights. Sir Henry Irving is a belted knight in very truth, like any of Quixote's heroes. Sir Walter Besant reminds us of the greater Sir Walter, whom he resembles as an extensive purveyor of wholesome and entertaining fiction. His services to literature as a profession have been considerable, his influence on philanthropic feeling healthy, and only a few publishers will withhold congratulations from his well-deserved honour.

As for Sir Lewis Morris—what shall we say concerning him? After all, when Tennyson was made a baron, one could hardly do less than make his dilution a knight. Sir Lewis's verses are no worse than those of other bards who have been knighted, and so good a Welshman, so sound a Liberal, so popular and moral a writer, so indefatigable an odesier, must be thought entitled to a seat in Parliament, the Laureateship, or a knighthood. He has got the last, and not the most fastidious critic will grudge him his reward. How hard he has worked for it only those know who have studied his lyric poems.

But let us hope that these literary and dramatic honours may not beget a feeling among literary men that they shall be heard by those in authority for their much speaking. Sir Walter Besant is one of the most prolific of our novelists; but he himself would be first to acknowledge that there are two or three distinctly above him in quality. Sir Lewis Morris is one of the most voluminous of our contemporary poets; he has paved Hades with his blank verse, and scattered semi-official odes in the path of every royal procession. Yet there are many among the minor bards whose best work, small as may be its quantity, outweighs in quality all the reigns of the poet of Penbryn.

All things considered, however, the honouring of the stage and of letters is a hopeful omen. Perhaps some further steps may be taken in the same direction; but, let us hope, with caution. We do not want English literature to have its Thousand-and-One Knights. What evil can be done by lavishing titular distinction was seen in the late black-mailing-cases in Paris. One and all of the swindling journalists were Knights of the Legion of Honour. Legion, truly, a cynic might have said, for they were many rascals. Still, a good many of our distinguished men of letters might be honoured before we risked such a degradation.

For instance, it might restore the apparently waning popularity of the Premier in Scotland if Mr. Barrie became Baron Thrums, and if "the Crockett Minister" and "Ian Maclaren" were created K.K., or Knight of the Kail-yard. Our medical novelists, Dr. Conan Doyle at their head, might revive the good old literary title of Knight of the Burning Pestle. Mr. Pinero would take rank as the First Lord Tanqueray; and our other distinguished dramatists could furnish a run of a hundred knights.

This might result in a multiplication of knights, but why not? We forget now that in the Middle Ages knighthood was a necessary stage in the life of any person of consequence—in fact, there was a pleasing custom called Distrain of Knighthood, by which a landowner of a substantial property could be—and was—compelled to be knighted, and to pay the dues and fulfil the obligations of that status. A man became a knight just as he now is made a J.P. So that in olden times Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Mr. Thomas Hardy would have been Sir William and Sir Thomas—if they had not been hanged for satire or want of orthodoxy.

The notion of chivalry, never really carried out, was that all the picked men of the nation, possessed of gentle training, and, in general, of some leisure, should form an order, sworn to practise manly virtues, and to live in brotherhood. In England the knights practically represented the gentry below the baronage; but there was always the idea of a common bond and obligation among them—a certain freemasonry of thought and aim. Modern friendly societies imitate the forms of knighthood; their badges, their rituals, their organisations are those of chivalry.

Once make knighthood a sign of duty, and we may all be better for it; till then, we had best be sparing with the honour. And no one can say that the standard is not high for modern knights. Sir W. M. Conway's standard is some twenty thousand feet above sea-level. MARMITON.

A "TIGHT" AND "RACKETY" COUPLE.

*Photographs by Oldham, Colchester.*



"HOLD TIGHT!"



A RACKETY PAIR.



"WHO'S DAT A-CALLING SO SWEET?"



MOUSEY BEATS A RETREAT.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## "THE AMEER ABDUR RAHMAN."\*

At the moment when Nasrulla Khan is tasting British hospitality, it is seasonable to find, ready to hand, a biography of that "interesting Eastern potentate," his father, Abdur Rahman, G.C.B., Ameer of Afghanistan. The Ameer is a tempting subject for the historian, tempting and teasing, for his career, though romantic and engrossing, is frequently shrouded



THE AMEER ABDUR RAHMAN.

in uncertainty, just at the moment when one would know more. But, though such important points as the date of the Ameer's birth cannot be accurately determined, though his boyhood is obscure, and certain portions of his later life are a blank, Mr. Wheeler has found abundant material for a racy life-story of Dost Mohammed's grandson.

The character of the Ameer is suggested by "sensible signs" in the course of the narrative, which is enlivened at every other page by some quaint Oriental turn of phrase, embodied very often in a direct quotation from some speech or letter of the Ameer's. He appears before us, above all things, as the devout Mussulman. In the early days, during the fight for the throne that followed Dost Mohammed's death, we find Abdur apt to detect the finger of Providence in matters pertaining to his personal advantage. "The mercy of God," he says, "was so great that Shere Ali was defeated, and my father and his fellow-prisoners escaped." Abdur's piety is manifest in many similar utterances, and he has not only the divine gift of godliness, but also that of humour, though this latter is now and then a trifle grim.

The victory over Shere Ali, already referred to, set Afzul Khan, father of the present Ameer, on the throne of Cabul. But his power was weak, and, to make matters worse, we are told "he opened the door of enjoyment to the delights of strong drink." Shere Ali returned to the attack, to be again defeated by Abdur. That was in January, 1867, when the Prince was probably twenty-three years old. "God being on my side," he writes, "Shere Ali was again defeated, and my forces occupied Kandahar." The war dragged on till 1869, when Abdur was defeated, and forced to go into exile. His fortunes were now broken, but hope must have been strong within him, if we may believe a charming Oriental tale recently taken down in a Calcutta bazaar from the lips of an Afghan trader.

Abdur Rahman [so runs the story] had been compelled to fly from his enemies, who were numberless, like the sands of the sea-shore. And it befell that he had ridden ahead of the little band of faithful followers, and found himself in the depths of a vast wood. Presently he came to a brook, with water white like milk, and being weary . . . he laid himself down to sleep. As he slept, there appeared to him the vision of a Peri, shining and exceeding fair to look upon, who, addressing him, spoke as follows: "Abdur Rahman, Ameer of Cabulistan, great are thy sorrows, but they shall fade away like clouds before

the rising sun. My son, sore have been thy trials, but thou art proved courageous and a hero. Thou shalt regain thy crown and thy country, and thy kingdom shall be feared among the nations. Mighty nations will tempt and persuade and threaten, but be of good cheer, pay no heed to the tempter. Thy country shall be an apple of discord between two strong Governments, who both will stretch forth the hand of friendship. Abdur Rahman, beware; trust not the traitor, neither East nor West, North nor South! If thou puttest faith in the words of the foreigner, thy kingdom shall fall, thou and thine be led for ever into the land of bondage. Yet, if thou art wise, thou shalt resemble the jewel set high on the mountain peak, and thy seed shall multiply as the stars of heaven."

The legend must go for what it is worth. It has certainly a look of prophecy *post factum* in certain details. At any rate, it has the merit of a plausible fiction, and may, not unlikely, have originated with Abdur himself, for Mr. Wheeler shows that the Ameer possesses a happy turn for apologue, and a fondness for expounding political situations in allegorical form.

For ten years Abdur remained an exile in Russian Turkestan, as a pensioner of the "White Czar." During his exile he strove to appear a man of dull wits, though all the time he was "sharpening the sword of intention against the day when he should put the foot of ambition in the stirrup of daring." His assumed stupidity did not deceive the Russians, who regarded him as a man of great capacity. At length fortune favoured him. In 1879 Shere Ali was gathered to his fathers, and Yakooob, his son, reigned in his stead.

The Russian Press believed Lord Beaconsfield's policy justified, and on the point of bearing the desired fruit, when the massacre of Cavagnari and his comrades changed everything, and threw Afghanistan into confusion. Yakooob submitted to the British, and was bundled out of the country. Thereupon, Russia permitted Abdur to depart, which he did—after three days' consideration—and advanced with a few followers towards Cabul, recruiting as he went. At length, the British Government formally offered to instate Abdur at Cabul, which offer he accepted, after much temporising.

What the Ameer has done, and undone, since that time is told in the chapters of the present volume entitled "The Shaping of a Kingdom," "The Ameer and His Neighbours," and "A Ruler in Islam." Some of these may contain more "dry facts" than others, but none are dull: everywhere there is a sparkle of humour that is all the brighter for the writer's intimate knowledge of the Afghan character and his readiness in Eastern phrase and proverb. Even in the grimmer portions of the story (for Abdur exercises the pot-and-gallows privileges of an Oriental despot with broad freedom), this considerate biographer is mindful to relieve us with his airier touch. True, there are tales of something more than severity, that are scarce humorous; yet one is comforted at the end of the sad calendar to read that "Asmatulla is said to have been hanged, in a quiet way, in October, 1882."

The Ameer is, however, synthetic as well as analytic in his political philosophy. He has become an ardent bureaucrat, is a patron of Western industries, and has framed a remarkably minute code for the right direction of his people. Here are some gems of his police regulations: Kissing another man's wife is punishable with thirty lashes and a committal pending further inquiry. Lashes are to be laid on with pious ejaculations, and the police-officer is exhorted "to feel, if he cannot show, sorrow for the wrong-doer." These and such-like side-lights upon the Afghan character in general, and the Ameer's in particular, give the work a merit that is rare in short, popular, historical sketches. Too often these works are of an immaculate tameness: here there is vitality and colour, for the subject is vivified and illuminated by knowledge of Oriental life, literature, and doctrine. If the book is as just as it is readable, the author has, indeed, done well for the Ameer. J. D. S.



Photo by J. Rodger, Broughty Ferry.

\* "The Ameer Abdur Rahman." By Stephen Wheeler, F.R.G.S. Public Men of To-Day Series. London: Bliss, Sands, and Foster.



MISS ADAMS IN "AN ARTIST'S MODEL," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.



"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME," AT THE ADELPHI.

*Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside, E.C.*



KATE KENNION (MISS MILLWARD).



WILBER'S ANN (MISS MARIE MONTROSE) AND DR. PENWICK (MR. F. W. GARDINER).



JOHN LADRU (MR. JULIAN CROSS).



FAWN, LADRU'S DAUGHTER (MISS MARY ALLESTREE).

"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME," AT THE ADELPHI.

*Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside, E.C.*



LIEUTENANT MORTON PARLOW (MR. ABINGDON).



MAJOR BURLEIGH (MR. CHARLES FULTON).



GENERAL KENNION (MR. F. H. MACKLIN).



LIEUTENANT HAWKESWORTH (MR. TERRISS).





THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, NOW LADY WILLIAM BERESFORD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

We return to the Grafton Gallery Exhibition of Fair Children, which is deservedly to be reckoned as one of the most attractive exhibitions of the season. One of the most interesting pictures is a portrait of Mrs. Keeley, the actress, now in her ninetieth year, painted by George Smart when he was eighty. The bright, fresh face can be recognised even now, after the lapse of nearly eighty years. In the Octagon Room



YOUNG BACCHUS.—MRS. G. B. ROSHER.  
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.

there is one superb Velasquez, "Little Girl with Red Dress, and Flowers in Her Apron." The colour is full of beauty and charm; the little petticoat, stiff with work, contrasts in its solidity with the beautiful smile, the infantine smile, on the face of the child, whose hair is painted as only a master like Velasquez could paint hair, with its one stray curl flying away from the forehead.

Where there is such wealth it becomes necessary to select with some niceness of choice; but it is essential to pick out Sir Joshua Reynolds's two delightful portraits of the Crewe family, "Frances, Daughter of the first Lord Crewe," and "Master John Crewe, afterwards second Lord Crewe, as Henry VIII." The girl is painted against the light, wearing a dark sun-bonnet, and carrying on her arm a basket. The little, sturdy boy is in the accepted costume of Henry VIII.; the modelling and character of this picture are beyond praise, and, where so many Sir Joshuas have faded, the beautiful colour of this remains perfect. Near it hangs a charming Gainsborough, "Miss Linley and her Brother," the exquisite dignity of which is only matched by its stately composition, the charm of the faces and the lovely pictorial manner, which is indeed Gainsborough at his best.

Here, too, is a delightful Carolus Duran, "Beppino," a little, wondering child, with flaxen hair, and surrounded by flowers. The little red garment is overworked with a design that aids to the building-up of a very fascinating and bright colour scheme. Near it hangs the well-known Whistler, "Portrait of Miss Alexander," deliciously cool with its green and silver-greys, but, on account of the glass in front of the frame, quite impossible to see in its unity from whatever standpoint one may choose to take up. The same observation applies to many other exhibits in this gallery, but to none, perhaps, so desperately as to the Whistler.

To make an end of this charming exhibition—there are two or three deplorable Winterhalters, lent by Her Majesty, and a Landseer which is very nearly as bad. Of a very different character, though dealing with precisely the same subjects, is the "Infanta of Spain," by Velasquez. The little child just shows her head from the bed-clothes in a darkened

room; the expression is delightful, and the whole tone of the picture is most distinguished and dignified. Holbein's well-known "Edward VI.," lent also by the Queen, remains as an extraordinary example of that master's power, masterliness, and strength. The portrait is among the noblest examples of his work. But, beyond these pictures, everybody must not fail to visit the collection of miniatures, clothes, and toys, which relieve the exhibition wonderfully from any possible sense of monotony. The bed-clothes of a cot, worked by the daughters of George III., are here, for example, and, if somewhat conventional in form, they are beautiful in colour, and are remarkably painstaking. There are quantities of tiny tea-sets of extreme value and interest, and, in fact, all the paraphernalia of childhood made lasting and exquisite by the touch of art.

Mr. Phil May's exhibition of black-and-white drawings at the Fine Art Society's is as interesting and as finely humorous as one might have expected. But it is more than merely this, for Mr. May is one of the very few English artists who know the value of line, of selection, and of rejection. With the smallest number of strokes possible, this artist is easily able to produce the maximum of effect. To return to his humour, it is attractive to find that Mr. Phil May discovers in the unconscious absurdities, yet positive character, of the lower classes precisely the same field of humour which Charles Keene found. His Costermonger and his 'Arriet are, in their way, perfect and living types. 'Arriet's hat (as in "Real Sympathy"), her adornments, her peculiar fashion of face, are all here blended with a subtle humour, a humour which, enjoying itself, imparts enjoyment also to others.—It is the best sort of realism.

From Mr. Phil May's remarkable ingenuity in capturing a type, one might infer his probable excellence in portraiture, an inference which is in every way justified. By precisely the same means as in his caricature, by accepting the merely essential, he succeeds in this other class of work admirably. It would be superfluous labour to pick out here and there where all is so excellent, though, as an example, the drawing marked No. 7 may be selected. Mr. Phil May, in a word, is, in his way, unique. There is none quite like him—none quite to equal him in the whole array of black-and-white artists. His humour is gay, his composition is artistic, and his use of the line possesses both elegance and distinction.

A woman has become a picture commission agent, for Mrs. Macdonnell, of 4, Orchard Street, has opened a fine-art gallery, in which the artist meets the public face to face, so to speak, under the influence of tea and talk, provided by the hostess. Here you may find works by Harry Furniss, Dudley Hardy, Richard, and a host of other artists in black-and-white, oil and water-colour.



THE LILY MAID.—MISS I. R. TAYLER.  
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.



## DULWICH GALLERY.\*

In a quiet spot just outside the old village of Dulwich, standing by itself in a well-kept garden, is the famous Picture Gallery. So rural the neighbourhood, so pure the air, and so antiquated the few buildings to be seen in the vicinity; there is some difficulty in believing we are well



THE CHAFF-CUTTER.—DAVID TENIERS THE YOUNGER.

within six miles of Charing Cross. Hard by are picturesque almshouses, in whose grounds old pensioners may be seen in the summer-time, enjoying the sunshine and the flowers. Dulwich College, founded nearly three hundred years ago by the tragedian Edward Alleyn, is some quarter of a mile away. The Commissioners who own the property—for Dulwich College is endowed with hundreds of surrounding acres—are very wealthy, and will not allow the jerry-builder to lay a profane hand upon any pleasing ivy-covered structure to improve and destroy it. They keep the builder at a distance, and, in consequence of this wisdom, fields are on all sides, long avenues of trees tempt the stroller, while occasional benches invite repose and contemplation, and a piece of ornamental water lends additional charm to the place. At all times of the year Old Dulwich is picturesque, but, for choice, select an afternoon at the time of year when

The face of Night is fair on the dewy downs,  
And the shining daffodil dies.

As you approach the Gallery, through lanes white with hawthorn and

and then stroll at your ease through the silent rooms crowded with priceless gems from the World of Art. There is never a crowd. Sometimes a student, who has obtained permission to copy a picture, is at work; but very often I have found the place untenanted. Such people as frequent the Dulwich Gallery go there because they love it, and, therefore, are at all times quiet and decorous.

Turning to the preface of the Catalogue of the Pictures, a few



THE HALTING OF A HUNTING PARTY.—PHILIP WOUVERMAN.

leading facts may be briefly noted. Edward Alleyn started the collection. Then, in the year 1688, one William Cartwright bequeathed some two hundred pictures to the College. Unfortunately, many of these were stolen by his servants, who pleaded guilty when charged with the theft, but said their master owed them various sums, and that, to reimburse themselves, they disposed of (*inter alia*) "several small pictures for the sum of fifteen shillings." Some seventy or eighty remain, but are, for the most part, portraits, possessing neither the interest nor value of the famous Bourgeois collection. These pictures, about four hundred in number, were principally collected by the celebrated art-dealer, Desanfans, who bequeathed them to his friend, Sir Francis Bourgeois, R.A., who, in his turn, left them to the Master, Warden, and Fellows of Dulwich College. Mrs. Desanfans, in the course of a very long-winded will, which I mercifully refrain from quoting *in extenso*, left £500, together with plate and linen, for the purpose of entertaining the President and Royal Academicians at lunch once a year. Such is the origin of the custom that brings the Academicians to the Gallery every summer, when they inspect the pictures and lunch



BOORS MAKING MERRY.—ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

resonant with the song of thrush and blackbird, you will feel far away in the country. Entering the garden, you sign your name at the portico,

\* Illustrated, by permission of the Governors, with photographs taken by Messrs. Gray and Davis, 92, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN.—REMBRANDT.

together. Their visit is useful, in so far as it calls the attention of the public to the Gallery, which is neither known nor enjoyed to the proper extent of its merits. There is not space to exhibit all the pictures, and I believe that some few paintings by Bourgeois, together with a few



others, are put away. Roughly speaking, there are between four and five hundred pictures on view.

Such being the briefest possible history of the Gallery, we may turn to its contents, which are as amazing in their variety as their beauty. Specimens of Italian, Dutch, and Spanish schools hang side by side; one

few visits will be replete with surprises. The best-known landscapes, such as Hobbema's "Woody Landscape," Claude's "Jacob and Laban," which have been frequently reproduced, have been purposely omitted from this series of illustrations; but the most notorious pictures are not always the most beautiful. Some of the little landscapes by the less noted



JOHN PREACHING IN THE WILDERNESS.—GUIDO RENI.

passes from a beggar by Murillo to an interior by Ostade, from a landscape by Cuyp or Wouverman to the portrait of Philip IV. by Velasquez. So it happens that Murillo's flower-girl is almost next to a portrait by Van Dyck, that a portrait of John Kemble looks down upon a wintry landscape by the elder Teniers, and the Van Dyck's Madonna could see the likeness of Louis XIV. without any difficulty. Here and there a landscape by Hobbema or Claude will arrest the eye, and, despite the impossibility of arrangement, there is no sense of confusion.

Criticism may be silent in the Dulwich Gallery. There is so very much to admire and wonder at, so many schools are represented, that the first



MRS. SHERIDAN AND MRS. TICKELL.—GAINSBOROUGH.

masters are full of the atmosphere that modern works so often lack. Some small interiors with one or two figures, belonging to the Dutch school, are wonderful in their deep, rich colouring and abundant vitality. The hundreds of years of their life have left no taint upon their charms: perhaps they have invested them with sombre mysticism, but that is all. Their beauty is still fresh, as it will be when I who write and all who read have joined those who watched Murillo at work in his studio in La Juderia of Seville, or Sir Joshua Reynolds among his guests in the old house in Leicester Square. The paintings of three hundred years ago will even outlive many of those painted in this year of grace, for



A SPANISH FLOWER-GIRL.—MURILLO.



PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN.—VELASQUEZ.



materials were not adulterated then as now. "Some of my earlier works are already commencing to fade," said a noted artist to me recently; "many pictures have kept their colour for hundreds of years better than some I painted scarcely fifty years ago." Such pictures as have faded at Dulwich owe some of their decay to the hand of the cleaner and restorer,

whose well-meant foolishness has invariably done more harm than good. Apart from the question of material, the colouring methods of the Old Masters were different from those in vogue at present. The glazing process, the addition of waves of colour after the picture had been rendered in black-and-white, would seem to have affected the paintings beneficially. Very possibly we shall some day return to this style of work, with good results.

If this were the place for an essay on the progress of Art, how easily could it be traced from the Dulwich Gallery. The matchless Rubens might serve to represent the first period, and the flesh-tints of his Mars and Venus might serve to rouse pure admiration in a purist from Liverpool or Glasgow. Then, in the later period, we have Velasquez towering above his contemporaries; Murillo, beautiful, indeed, but perhaps too frankly expressive to rank with his compatriot; and Guido, whose work is also represented here. But it is impossible to judge these pictures other than separately. Some

artist, must have enjoyed the rare experience. The Princess of Wales, the late Emperor William of Germany, Mr. Gladstone, and very many distinguished men and women, have visited the Gallery during his tenure of office. Lately the Governors have opened it on certain Sundays in the summer, and this liberal policy should meet with all success. I can



A SAINT BLESSING A VENETIAN GENTLEMAN.—PAUL VERONESE.

men, though great for the age in which they lived, are viewed more sternly by the critical faculty of the nineteenth century, which apportioned to each man his place and rank. Others, like Watteau, are great in their own age and for all time; we know that nothing can ever detract from their supreme merit. Strangely enough, although Watteau's work is better represented in England than in France, the National Gallery does not include a solitary specimen. Dulwich undoubtedly supplies some of the few deficiencies of the great Art treasure-house in Trafalgar Square.

Mr. Hodgkins, the Curator of the Gallery, has been in charge of the pictures for more than thirty years, and, being by profession an



LA MADONNA DEL ROSARIO.—MURILLO.

imagine few things more pleasant than an afternoon spent there, with an occasional adjournment—weather permitting—to the garden.

Just a note, as a conclusion, on Edward Alleyne, to whom is due the gallery. Born in the parish of St. Botolph without Bishopsgate in 1566, he became famous as an actor. Nash described him in terms of the wildest eulogy. "Not Roscius," quoth he, "nor Esopé; those tragedians admired before Christ was borne, could over-perform more in action than famous Ned Alleyne." In 1600 he built the Fortune Theatre in Cripplegate. He had previously acquired an interest in the baiting-house at Paris Garden in Southwark, and in 1604 he was appointed to

the office of Master of the Royal Game of Bears, Bulls, and Mastiff Dogs, a post he held until his death in 1626. In 1605 he purchased, from Sir Francis Calton, the manor of Dulwich, and eight years later began building the college which perpetuates his name. While he gave no sign of literary ability, he was, at least, a patron of letters, for he befriended Dekker, Taylor the Water Poet, and other writers. Besides being an actor, he was a manager on a large scale—the Sir Augustus Harris of his period; for he had an interest in various theatres, notably the Rose, the Hope, the Red Bull, and the Fortune. His charity was boundless, for, besides endowing Dulwich College, he built ten almshouses in Cripplegate, and left money for ten others in each of the parishes of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, and St. Saviour, Southwark. It is somewhat curious that in his own lifetime Alleyne modified the original constitution of the college, a process which, as noted, has been repeated in our own time under Parliamentary authority. Scarcely less curious is the fact that a man of such undoubted benevolence and pity should have been a patron of the bear-garden. Yet few actors have rendered posterity more grateful than "famous Ned Alleyne."

THEOCRITUS.



"A CORNER OF THE GALLERY, AND THE CURATOR, MR. HODGKINS.



## THE DODGES OF "DEADHEADS."

A CHAT WITH MR. G. SPENCER EDWARDS AND  
MR. HENRY DANA.

The conviction of Louis Lefevre, sign-writer by trade, for forging the name of Mr. Louis F. Austin—the clever, popular "L. F. A." of *The*



MR. G. SPENCER EDWARDS.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

my views about the splendour of the spectacle, and, to the courteous, amiable Mr. G. Spencer Edwards my pleasure in the wonderful show.

"No wonder," said Mr. Edwards, "that lots of people try to get in without paying."

"You must remember," said I, "that I'm a kind of 'deadhead' myself."

"Oh! but you're Press; and we are polite to the Press, and the Press is kind to us."

"You mean to say that the Press tells the truth about the wonderful and delightful Olympia, which cannot fail to please all classes; and therefore the truth is kind—but what about 'deadheads'?"

Mr. Edwards, the original "Carados" of the *Referee*, who for years did the columns called "Dramatic and Musical Gossip," which now are the work of several hands, including his, leaned back in the box and remarked, "Man has been defined in many ways—my definition would be, 'Man is a free-pass seeking animal.' Oh, the deadheads!"

"I notice that, in the 'Dictionary of Slang' and its analogies, the word 'deadhead,' and its synonyms, 'dead-hand' and 'dead-beat,' are said to come from America."

"Wherever they come from, we have plenty of applicants for free seats. Why, I've applications from hall-porters, call-boys, banner-bearers, 'shouts without,' clerks, advertisement-canvassers, office-boys, brothers, sisters, mothers, cousins, aunts, and every conceivable relative of 'pros,' as well as their friends—in a word, from every kind of creature connected in any way with any person who has anything to do with entertainment. They all want free seats, and are indignant if they don't get them. I have to be very firm, since one deadhead encouraged makes many."

"I suppose they all give some good reason?"

"Oh, yes! Excellent, of course. I had a letter lately from a lady who was sure I would send two tickets, as she wished to bring with her a poor girl who lately had had her leg cut off."

"You might have answered that the sight of so many young women on the boards with splendid legs would be too painful for the girl."

"They are a fine lot, as you say. Of course, every performer thinks we 'pass' the profession, and we are liberal enough; but one foreign gentleman went too far. He wrote to me asking for seats, and saying, 'My company consists of sixteen persons, which amount, I know, is rather high. Expecting a pleasant answer, Yours, &c.' Mr. Kiralfy got a letter from an applicant who concluded with, 'You will remember me with my performing pig at Vienna.'"

"I suppose you have some fraudulent applicants?"

"Indeed, yes! People apply as representatives of papers I haven't heard of, whose existence I doubt, so I simply answer, 'Come, by all means, but please bring a copy of your paper with you. I want to see it.' That settles them. Some even have the audacity to print the names of newspapers on their cards. I had one with *The Times* on it brought in the other day. Three minutes' cross-examination bowled him out. They can hardly take in an old Press man as I am with that sort of chaff. I have had a bogus M.P., 'just from the House,' he said, who

mentioned a constituency that did not fit his name. One man wrote in claiming seats because he was 'from the Chicago Exhibition.'"

"Of course, you're lucky in having a show that really draws, and deserves to."

"I can tell you a funny tale of one of the managers who work the 'order system' of sending free seats and getting people to exchange and pay to go to a better part of the house. It happened, some years ago, at the Imperial Theatre. 'Paper' had been sent out in reams, and a very knowing young gentleman, determined not to be done in the matter of transfer charges, presented himself thoroughly equipped for the expected fray. He began operations by presenting an order for the upper-boxes."

"Very sorry, Sir," said the well-coached attendant, "but the upper-boxes are crowded. P'raps you would like to pay a shilling and go in the dress-circle?"

"Is there any room there?" asked the wily one.

"Oh, no doubt about that, Sir."

"The attendant led the way, and, on the proper level being reached, was presented by the young man with an order for the dress-circle. Quite equal to the occasion, he requested the visitor to wait while he found a vacant seat, and speedily returned with more apologies. Every place was occupied. Perhaps the gentleman wouldn't mind paying half-a-crown and going into the stalls?"

"Well," said the paper-laden one, "I want to see the show; let's see what the stalls are like."

"Down they went, and out came an order for the stalls. This was the 'last straw' that broke the back of the servitor's patience."

"Look here, Bill," he cried to another attendant, "put this 'ere bloke in a seat at once, or he'll fetch hout a horder for a private-box and a champagne supper."

When we had finished laughing, Mr. Edwards said—

"I've just time to tell you another before the curtain rises."

"Is your name 'Hedwards'?" asked a portly looking person, who knocked at the door of my sanctum during the run of 'Constantinople' at Olympia."

"You have nearly guessed it in once," I replied, with my very politest bow, which my friends assure me is a thing to see and remember. The conversation proceeded like this—

"Well, then, I wants a couple o' seats."

"Certainly, Madam; but you have passed the ticket-box at the bottom of the stairs."

"Oh! but free seats is what I means."

"And may I be permitted to ask, Madam, the nature of your claim?"

"Well, I belongs to the profession!"

"Oh, indeed! Do you mean the journalistic profession?"

"No, indeed! I mean the theatrical profession!"

"Oh! and with what theatre may you be connected?"

"The Lyceum."

"Well, now, you must pardon my impertinent curiosity; but I really should like to know what is your line of business?"

"Oh, I'm engaged as a dresser!"

"Indeed! Then, Madam, I'm sorry to inform you that I cannot furnish you with what you want!"

"Do yer mean as yer won't pass us?"

"That, Madam, is exactly the position!"

"Oh! yer won't, won't yer? Then, please to understand as I shall report yer to Mr. 'Enery Hirving!'"



MR. HENRY DANA.

Photo by Turner and Co., Barnsbury Park, N.

I found Mr. Henry Dana in his office at Terry's Theatre. "Dis-honest 'deadheads'?" he said. "Troublesome, very! Why, during my first six months at the Globe, I got four men convicted and imprisoned for forging tickets or requests. Then I got tired of prosecuting. Why, there's a regular trade done, while there are amateurs also in the business. A little while

ago, a tradesman in the Strand sent up two stalls to me asking if they were all right. They were genuine. I looked into the matter, and found that they had been sent in answer to the request of a well-known actress, who had sold them for five shillings. I made her tremble. It is very troublesome to prosecute, and most managers will not lose time and money in prosecuting. I wish we could all combine and prosecute in every case. That might stamp it out. One



has very unpleasant times with honest people who have bought bogus tickets and want to come in."

"Of course, you have honest 'deadheads' as well?"

"Oh, yes—honest and unreasonable. I remember a letter Reeves Smith got from a man asking for 'some stalls,' and saying, 'The reason why I feel entitled to ask is that I had the pleasure of cutting your brother's corns in Birmingham!' Why, a man of whom I bought a key-ring for seven shillings wrote in for seats because he had dealt with me, and so did a man from whom we bought a dressing-bag as a presentation to the stage-manager at the Globe. I wonder the shoe-blacks don't ask for seats."

"And the Press?"

"That's a difficult question. Many of the critics are very nice and delicate about the matter; a few are not. Papers multiply so rapidly that one could more than fill the stalls and dress-circle and boxes of this theatre with critics who think they are entitled to be 'first-nighters.' Moreover, some, even when one is doing good business, will write in and ask for seats, intending to give them to their friends, which is rather steep! Critics paying for seats? Oh, no! there's a real *quid pro quo*, and I'm always anxious to oblige. Some time ago, I wrote to the chief papers, asking for names of editors, critics, sub-editors, and others considered entitled to 'complimentary tickets'; but few answered, and some did not take it in the right spirit. It's a troublesome question."

"Why did such a promising actor as you, Mr. Dana, give up acting for management? I remember how excellent and successful you were as Horace Bream in 'Sweet Lavender.'"

He gave a laugh. "The part fitted me like a glove, but sometimes I got a misfit. To tell the truth, I came to the conclusion that I was only mediocre, that there were hundreds better, so I thought I'd leave before others found me out—or, at least, before they said so. Why did I take to acting? Well, I lost all my money cattle-ranching in America, and found the stage the quickest business to take to, and one needing no capital."

We had some further talk upon legal questions connected with "dead-heads" before I left the smart young manager, whose modest estimate of his powers as actor, in my opinion, is unjust to his gifts.

### THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have issued an *édition de luxe* of Mr. Barrie's first real book, "Auld Licht Idylls," with etchings by Mr. W. B. Hole. The volume is in every way handsome and desirable, and the highest praise is given to the etchings when it is said that they are very nearly equal to those in "A Window in Thrums." The



From "Auld Licht Idylls."

manner of "Auld Licht Idylls" is not entirely that of "A Window in Thrums." In his second book, Mr. Barrie has given much more rein to his feelings; but, for artistic merit, and for the skill with which humour and pathos are combined, the "Auld Licht Idylls" stand as high as any book of Mr. Barrie's.

"A Study in Prejudices," by George Paston, is a novel which considers the tastes of the hour, yet is written from a more independent standpoint than the bulk of the thousand-and-one that treat of modern problems. It is hardly a problem novel, except that, in its story, a man is given, through



From "Auld Licht Idylls."

his wife, a situation to face in which nine-tenths of his contemporaries would have found no difficulty at all. It is not a belligerent book; the man fails not because he did not concede a perfectly novel demand, but because he was, in ordinary social and domestic matters, at least a century behind his time. The story is worth telling, all the same, for these obstinate survivals do exist. In life they are more annoying than amusing, and there is always the chance of their being hit by such stray shafts as "A Study in Prejudices."

The heroine, who has been brought up in a frivolous and rather vulgar circle, is a decided flirt, but innocent at heart, intelligent, and attractive. Unhappily, she falls in love with a fogey, a literary man of the most respectable habits. It is a pity George Paston gave him a "past"; the story would have been as good, if a little less neatly pointed, without it, and it looks like an imitation of present conventions. His ideal is the purely domestic woman, and he regulates the reading, the incomings and outgoings of his wife most diligently. When some old flirtations are discovered, he casts her off. Perhaps the writer was not wrong to make the innocent and most affectionate wife die of it—though the surroundings at the time are a trifle sensational—for the fogey would have been convinced of his folly by nothing less.

But the interesting if unsuccessful story raises a doubt. The fool, or villain—which you will—of the piece is a literary man of high eminence, an imaginative writer, too. Now men of eminence and intelligence can be fools in daily life, most certainly; the number of intellectual persons who employ their intellect on the problems lying about their feet is not large. But there are limits to their stupidity, and the writer oversteps them here, surely. Imaginative persons may be "ill to live with," but if they employ their imagination on modern life, as this one did, they may be surely trusted to be at least aware of the strength of modern currents of thought, and not to talk the pedantic rubbish which a stupid man would hardly dare to utter to-day. At least, the point is worth thinking over, in estimating the use which intelligence is put to in ordinary life. But George Paston's satire is true enough in a rough way, and is a wholesome thrust at the frequent imbecilities of "thinking persons."

The reprint of Ruskin's "Harbours of England" is the best thing that Ruskin enthusiasts have done of late years. The book has been practically unprocurable of late, the last edition, an expensive one, having been issued in 1877. The feature in the book is, of course, the thirteen Turner illustrations, which are admirably reproduced. Ruskin's notes are trivial enough, but his introduction to the whole contains his fine eulogy on "The Boat," and his self-congratulation on at least one point, that he lived in a century when, if people did not sing well, or think very clearly, or pray very constantly, they did one thing in a superb manner—"they built ships of the line." "Take it all in all," he says, "a ship of the line is the most honourable thing that man, as a gregarious animal, has ever produced." O. O.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



YOUNG ARTIST : " Rather cold, isn't it ? "

COUNTRYMAN : " Ah ! that 's where it be, yer see. You sits about all day doing nothink. "



DRIVER : "Times is bad. No marriages, no funerals ; and now Parson has taken to drive his own pony."

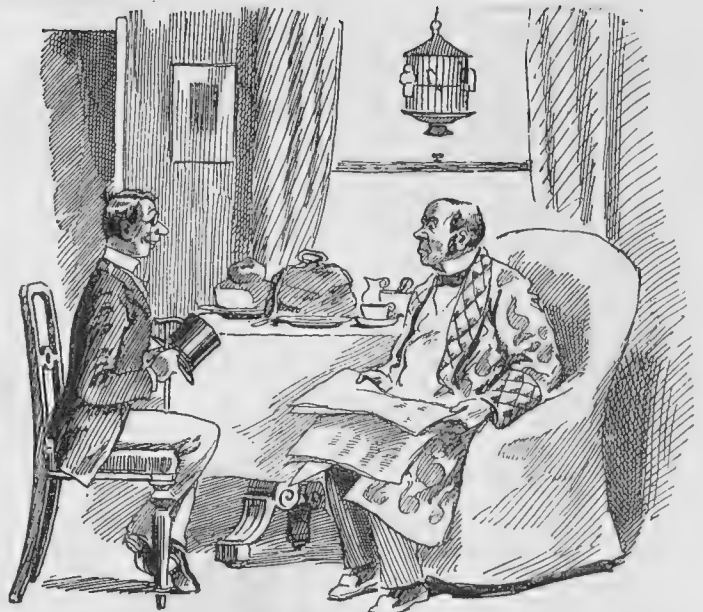




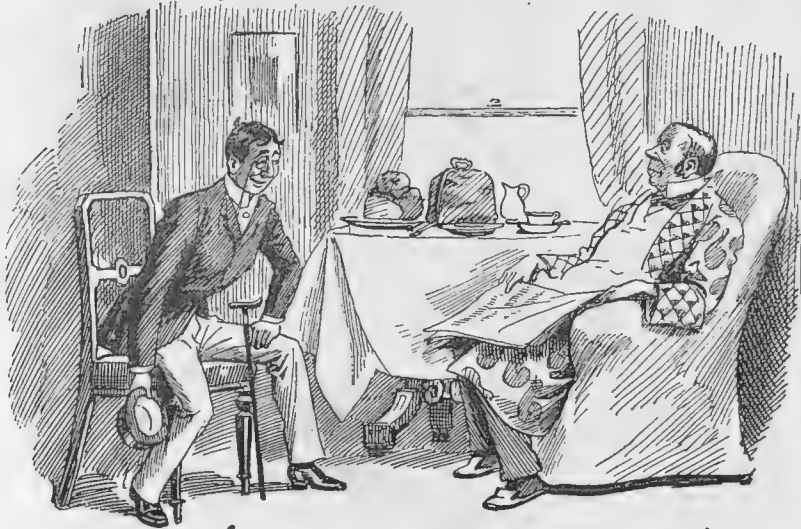
"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"



'So glad I've found you in, old man,'



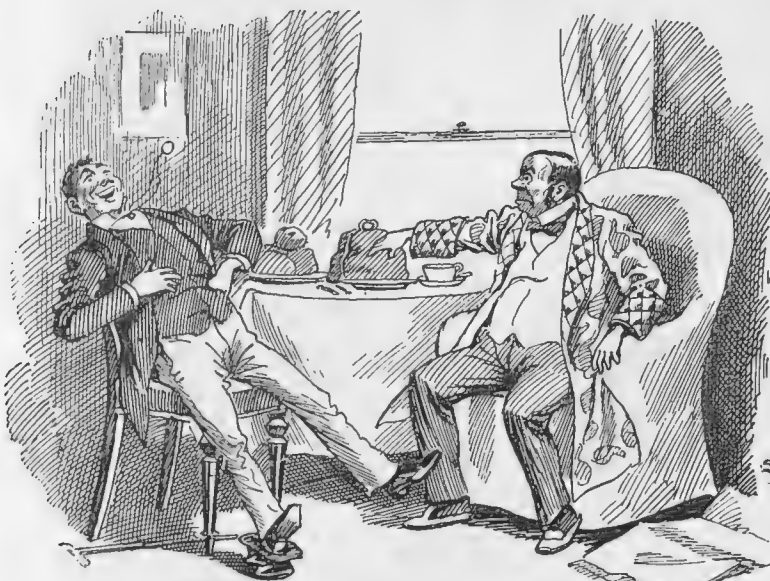
'Heard such a splendid thing!'



'Knew you'd appreciate it, old chap,'



'You will laugh - it's deuced funny.'



'I nearly had a fit - 'pon my word.'



!!!!

Grip & Hallward

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE LAST MAN IN.

BY BROOK LAMBERT.

John Wardle was angry—he was often angry, being young and impetuous, but this time his wrath was justified. He was captain of the Southsands eleven, and he had set his heart on beating the Greenvale Club, and now, just as the second day's play was beginning, he was told that Charlie Kennedy, the pride and hope of the Southsanders, had fallen from his bicycle and sprained his wrist.

"Clumsy idiot!" grumbled Wardle. "Why couldn't he wait a day? He might have smashed himself up as much as he liked to-morrow."

"It's a beastly nuisance for you," said Harding, the Greenvale captain, with elaborate sympathy. "Can't you get some chap in his place?"

"What chap? There's not one here worth half Kennedy," Wardle said crossly.

"Oh, well, they're not all such duffers as that, and Kennedy wasn't very brilliant yesterday; I don't suppose he would have made much difference to you." He spoke with a kind contempt, and Wardle wanted to be ungentlemanly and abuse him.

It was the more trying as the Greenvale men had lately won a good many matches, and were giving themselves airs which were unbecoming in a young club; and, worst of all, the week before they had beaten the Southsanders, until then the crack club of the neighbourhood.

The Southsanders knew that, if they were to hold their own against this vain rival, they must win this, the return match, or admit the superiority of the Greenvale Club. Each Southsanders man was bent on winning, but their captain felt the necessity of victory a hundred times more than they could. It was not the honour of the club alone, but a more personal reason.

Miss Dolly Panton had smiled with equal favour on him and Dick Harding. She was one of the summer visitors that enlivened Southsands for three months of the year and left it a dreary blank for the other nine. Her father had taken, for the last two years, a pretty little house overlooking the cricket-field and the blue sea beyond. Dolly took, or appeared to take, an absorbing interest in cricket; her mother gave cricket-teas; her father insisted on offering refreshment to the heated players; claret-cup and brandy-and-soda stood permanently on the table in the cool dining-room of Panton Villa.

The first society of Southsands accepted Dolly and her parents, for, select as it was, it could not ignore a family which all its young men insisted on honouring. So she was received among them, and several youths offered her their hearts and their less valuable incomes; but, of all, she most favoured John Wardle, the rector's son, and Dick Harding, whose father was the Greenvale lawyer. She really could not make up her mind which to accept. She did not know which, if either, she loved; so she gave the two lovers to understand that the captain of the victorious eleven would stand the better chance.

Wardle abandoned himself to anger, and so did his diminished eleven to a less extent.

"Get Harding to play ten men," suggested one.

But Wardle refused. "He wouldn't; besides, who would he get to stand out? He wouldn't himself."

"No, thanks," said Harding, who had overheard. "I'm going to do all I know. Get some outsider; there are lots of Johnnies hanging about," and he strolled off to speak to Miss Panton, but lingered to say carelessly, "Look sharp, Wardle, whatever you mean to do; we shall go in in ten minutes."

"Damn!" said Wardle, and his nine followers said the same.

"You must get someone; there's nothing else to be done," said Jack Russell gloomily. "I suppose Harding will win now, after all."

"I'd sell my soul to stop him doing that," cried Wardle, as he watched Dolly laughing and talking to his rival, while the sunlight blazed on her white dress.

"Now, gentlemen; it's time to begin," interrupted an umpire, bursting in. "Got another man, Wardle?"

Before Wardle could answer, a shadow darkened the door, and he saw a stranger on the threshold.

"Pardon me," he said politely; "I understand you have lost a player. May I be his substitute?"

The Southsanders stared. Who was this lean, dark man who offered his services with such assurance?

"Are you a player, Sir?" asked the umpire.

"Has Harding sent you?" broke in Wardle.

"No, but I hoped I might be useful," answered the stranger. "I am no novice," he added, with a smile.

"You shall play!" cried Wardle. "And many thanks for your help, Mr. —?" he paused to hear his recruit's name, and held out his hand.

"Smith," the other answered, taking the offered hand and pressing it.

Wardle started; how very feverish Mr. Smith must be, and what a curiously common name for so distinguished-looking a man,

Just then Harding entered the pavilion, radiant, and sure of victory, for Dolly had seemed pleased at the approaching downfall of the Southsanders.

"Well, old man," he said cheerily to Wardle, "are you ready for us? Can't put off the evil day any longer. We go in first, so send out all the men you've got."

"We have our full number," Wardle said coldly. "This gentleman will play for us; Mr. Smith—Mr. Harding, the Greenvale captain."

Harding's face fell as he looked at the stranger—there was a look of conscious power about him; but there was no time to talk, Wardle was in the field and his men were taking their places.

"What a rum chap! Where did Wardle pick him up?" he asked.



A shadow darkened the door, and he saw a stranger on the threshold.

"He offered himself; looks like business, too," was the answer.

The stranger was at long-point; in his glistening white clothes and red cap and belt, his tall, thin figure was easily marked.

The Greenvale men were sixty ahead at the end of the previous day's play, and, going in on a good wicket, the chances seemed all in their favour. As the match went on, the chances grew. The Southsanders' bowling was not very strong, and soon fifty was up for two wickets; another hour, and thirty was added.

Wardle was bowling and Harding in, and playing a very showy game. His partner was a safe and cautious player, and he felt the game was in his hands. Wardle had sent him three balls, and he had scored off each. Wardle lost his temper. He bowled the last ball of the over with pettish carelessness. Harding sent it flying over the field. It would fall beyond the boundary, and a shout went up from his supporters. But they shouted too soon; the stranger leapt up and caught it easily. Then it was the Southsanders' turn, and they cheered the stranger's brilliant catch, as Harding walked back to the pavilion unnoticed.

For a time that was the end of the Southsanders' luck. After lunch their rivals steadily ran up their score, the afternoon was creeping on, and they lost heart.

"Let that chap Smith bowl," said one in a pause of the game while a Greenvale batsman was ostentatiously recovering his strength after a big hit.



Wardle assented, and beckoned to Smith. "Will you have a try?" he said hopelessly.

"They shall all be out in three minutes," said the stranger as he took the ball; and so they were.

Three balls flew at the wicket, and one after another the last three of the Greenvale men walked sadly back to the pavilion, as the marker hung the "duck's egg" on the board.

"No fellow could stop that chap's balls," they grumbled when Harding reproached them. "They came like cannon-balls."

"I admit I funk'd mine," said one; "it would have smashed your hand to pieces."

"Well, it doesn't matter much; they can't win now," said Harding. "They've not much more than an hour to play; at the worst, it will be a draw."

The Southsanders were saying much the same, but they determined to make a good fight. Mr. Smith stood apart; he had received the congratulations on his bowling calmly.

"I wonder how he bats," said a player to Wardle.

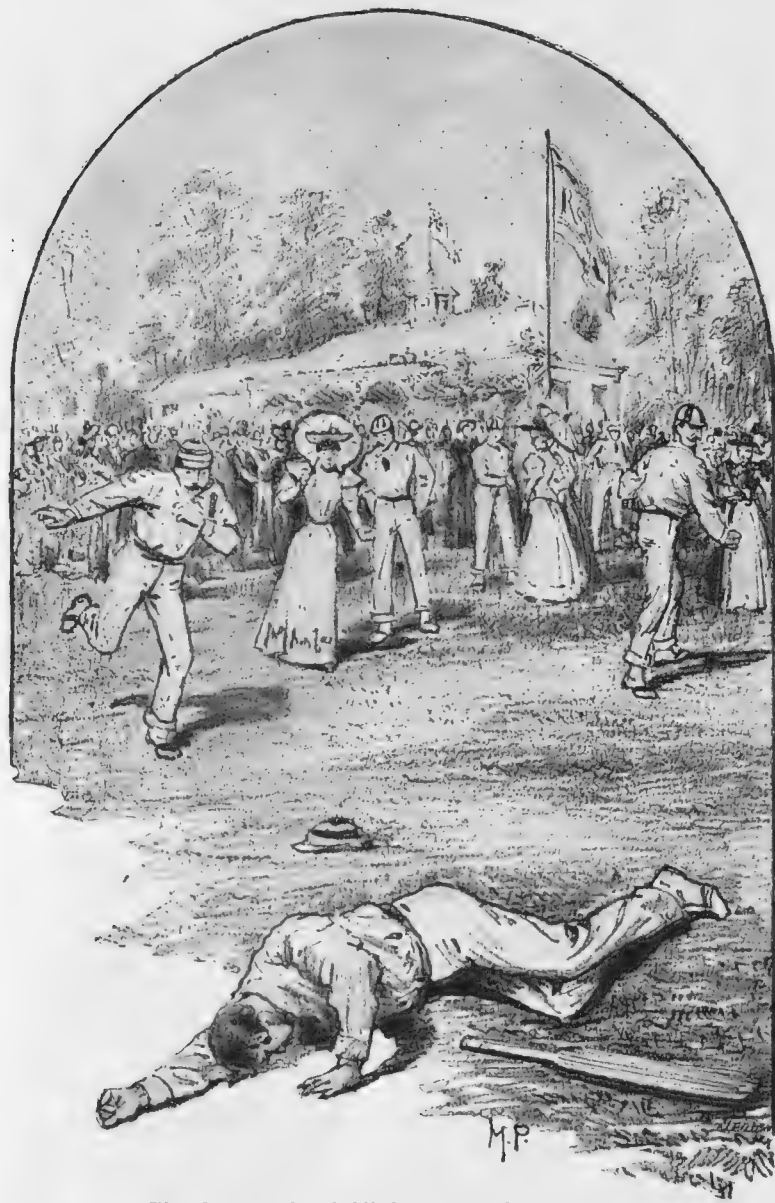
"Not much, I expect, as he bowls; I'll send him in last."

The play began again, and the Southsanders fought obstinately. Wardle went in fifth and could not be dislodged, and the score grew slowly but steadily, and yet, when the ninth man was bowled, it had not reached the half of the Greenvale score, and there was less than an hour before the match must be ended.

"It's you now, Sir," said young Tom Wardle to the stranger; "but it's no good—we're bound to lose."

"We shall win," the stranger said, and he took the lad's bat and went out into the sunny field.

The sun was getting low now; it shone on the square block of old houses across the road and gilded them, on the bright-blue sea lying beyond the field, on the sails of little boats bringing home visitors to their tea. It shone on the tired cricketers, and threw their purple shadows far across the close-cropped grass, and it shone into the eyes of



*Then he tottered and fell forward on the warm grass.*

the onlookers sitting on the low wall of the field. But Dolly was comfortably in the shade, under the crooked old wall that divided one side from a neighbouring garden; she was in the members' seat, among the best society of Southsands, which was having tea from the little round tent.

The soft hills shut out the horizon, except where the sea sparkled. They seemed to shut out all that was ugly, and only left in the valley sunshine and flowers, and the band of bright sea.

The stranger walked to the wicket and faced Wardle, and the crowd looked at him with interest.

"Who is he?" asked Dolly of a cricketer, who, having done his duty, was enjoying her smiles.

"Some chap who offered to play, and Wardle took him. He'd have taken the devil himself, I think, if he thought there was a chance of his being useful."

Dolly smiled, but said chidingly: "Oh, hush! you should not mention such a person. Poor Mr. Wardle does look cross, does he not? I suppose you can't win now?"

The young cricketer shook his head. "Not unless we had the person's I must not mention own luck, or his help," he said, laughing; and Dolly laughed too. Mr. Smith, standing at the wickets, looked round, though, surely, he could not hear, and his eyes met Dolly's across the sunny field.

"Oh, what a horrid man!" she cried, with a sudden shudder. "His eyes are like a lost soul's."

Her companion laughed at her, and fetched her some tea, and they forgot the stranger's curious eyes.

Before Mr. Smith began to play he looked at Wardle. "You shall win!" he said. "But remember our bargain."

Wardle stared. What did the man mean? Then, as he gazed into the stranger's face, he remembered and knew what he had done. He tried to drop his bat and rush away, anywhere where he could hide for ever. But those awful eyes held him, and burnt into his heart.

"Are you ready?" said the bowler cheerfully.

"Yes," said Mr. Smith.

And then began such play as no one on the field had ever seen. The old men muttered that even in their time no man played as this man did. No one spoke as they gazed on the tall, lean man and his bat flashing out at the ball.

Now the ball fell over the boundary wall, now far out over the sea, now it slipped through the fielder's hands and rushed again to the furthest corner of the field. Once a man caught it high up, but dropped it almost as it touched his hand, which tingled and burnt, and afterwards he saw a round, red mark on his palm, like an old burn.

The score ran up; there were ten minutes more to play, and a few more such hits would save the match.

"Spare me!" gasped Wardle, but only the stranger heard.

"It was your wish," he answered, and the play grew more brilliant.

The fielders were panting, every muscle strained; but, unconscious of fatigue, they thought of nothing, saw nothing, but the dark stranger. There was silence over the field but for the crash of the ball on the bats and the dropping of the metal figures as the score was changed on the board.

Five minutes more and still some runs were wanting; two minutes, the ball whizzed through the air; one minute.

"Have mercy!" whispered Wardle. "Let me save my soul!"

"Too late," said the stranger. He struck the ball. It flew high above the field, over the road, and the old red houses, and the match was won.

Then a great burst of cheers went up from the crowd and the players; the strain was relaxed, and they shouted at the stranger.

He was unmoved, and turned and put his hand on Wardle's breast.

"Come," he said.

Those standing by saw the Southsands captain look up at the stranger in anguish and terror, and then he tottered and fell forward on the warm grass.

It was his heart, they said; and, in the confusion of his death, the stranger disappeared.

But when they undressed the dead man, they saw on his breast, where the stranger had touched him, a round red mark.

"'Tis the shape of a hoof!" someone whispered, and there was silence in the darkened room.

#### TO THE COMING WOMAN.

You poor young thing! I'm sorry for you.  
Do your ears burn, dear, as they ought to do?  
Have you any idea of the shameless way  
In which you're discussed by the world to-day?  
Do you shudder sometimes at impending fate,  
As you sit in the future, and wait, and wait?

You certainly would, should you chance to hear  
The horrible prospects they give you, dear!  
These feminine faddists! These old young men,  
Who airily wield a decadent pen!  
They've settled it all, and you have no choice;  
You can't even raise a protesting voice!

Some say that, released from the ages' ban,  
You'll sternly reform unregenerate man;  
And some, that your freedom such harm will do,  
That man will be forced to regenerate you;  
While some—quite the worst—with insistent bawl,  
Declare that you are not a woman at all.

But I, for my part, am inclined to doubt  
That these sapient scribblers have found you out,  
That you are a sinner, unsexed, a shrew!  
I've faith in the future; I've faith in you;  
But if there be truth in this hateful hum  
Take sisterly warning, and don't you come!

HILDA JOHNSON, in *Puck*.

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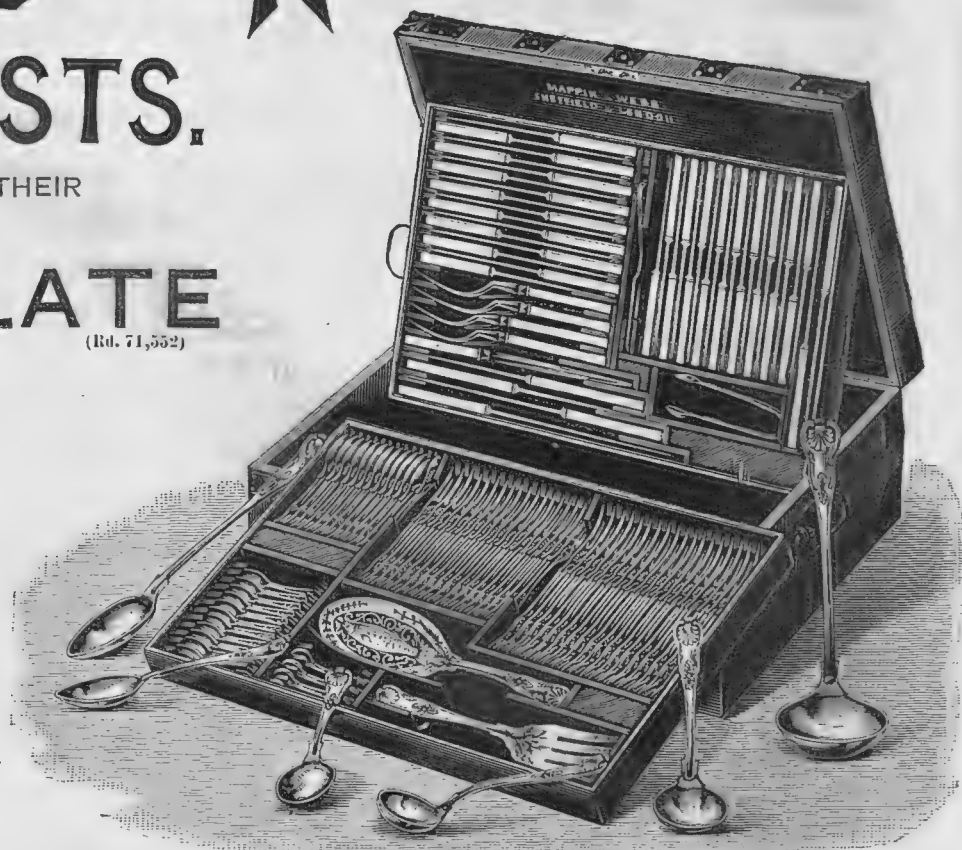
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## LYCEUM RECRUITS.

## I.—MISS BRENDA T. GIBSON.

It was my good fortune, in the course of my journeying in Australia and America, to see, on the stage of their respective countries, both Miss Gibson and Miss Arthur, the two actresses, new to England, who have recently been engaged for the Lyceum company. Miss Julia Arthur, an emotional actress of a high order, has been secured by Mr. Henry Irving to play, among other characters, Rosalind in "Becket" and Hero in "Much Ado About Nothing." But, although her engagement commenced on May 1, she has not yet had the opportunity of making her appearance here, for the revivals of the Tennysonian tragedy and Shakspeare's comedy have not yet been placed in the Lyceum bill. On the other hand, Miss Brenda T. Gibson, whose engagement commenced ten days after Miss Arthur's, has made her début before a London audience before that lady, for she appeared on Monday as Susan in "Nance Oldfield" and as Annette in "The Bells." As may be seen from her portrait, Miss Gibson is quite young—she is not yet twenty-one—but, for all that, she has had an experience of the stage seldom enjoyed by one of her age. For this she has to thank, in the first place, her family, for she comes of the Broughs and the Romers, who have distinguished themselves in London and in Australia. She is a half-sister of that admirable comédienne, Miss Fanny Brough, whose brother Robert, accompanied by his wife, the Florence Trevelyan of other days, has just returned to this country. Miss Gibson was taken to Australia when a child, by her mother, professionally known as Miss Romer, one of the best "old women" on the stage; and in the Australasian Colonies she had the advantage of a training such as cannot be readily obtained at home. Throughout Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, the Brough-Boucicault company is well and honourably known. It was my privilege, during a stay of two years in these Colonies, to witness many of the Brough-Boucicault productions, which, in regard to general completeness, often eclipsed the London theatres. I call to mind a very fine revival of "Money," and many an admirable representation of the modern plays, especially those of Mr. Pinero and Mr. Sydney Grundy. Even in the larger cities of Australia, frequent change of bill is necessary, so that the actor gains an experience which is out of the question in London;



MISS BRENDA GIBSON AS HATTIE GRIFFIN IN "NIOBE."

Photo by Talma, Melbourne.

and, with the excellent stage-management and surroundings of the Brough-Boucicault combination, this experience is invaluable. It so happened that, when Mr. Irving suddenly wanted someone to replace Miss Annie Hughes, Miss Brenda Gibson was at hand, and, being experienced, pretty, and highly recommended, she stepped into a position

for which she might have waited in vain for years. She had hardly drawn breath, so to speak, in her native land, whither she returned in April, ere she was made happy by her engagement at the Lyceum.

I saw Miss Gibson in one of her earliest parts, that of Lavender Rolt in Mr. Pinero's "Sweet Lavender." I well remember her quiet charm in this character; but, in preference to depending on recollection, let me quote my own remarks from a criticism published in the *Sydney Morning Herald* of April 21, 1890. This is what I wrote of the new Lyceum



IN "THE AMAZONS."

Photo by Falk, Sydney.

*ingénue*: "Very good, too, is the Lavender of Miss Brenda Gibson. The first essential in representing such a part is that the actress should look it. This Miss Gibson most certainly does, her appearance as the simple, loving, fragile girl being all that could be desired. She also acts the character exceedingly well, with quiet, unaffected simplicity." From the same paper, of May 10, 1891, let me also reproduce my criticism on the young actress as Lucy Preston in Mr. Grundy's "Silver Shield," another delightful impersonation: "A most praiseworthy performance is that given by Miss Brenda Gibson, whose Lucy Preston marks a considerable advance on anything she has previously done. Her simple, unaffected manner is invaluable to a character which she plays with conspicuous ability. Her voice has the requisite note of pathos for the part. The scene in which the girl-wife takes leave of her husband's home was specially well rendered by her on Saturday night."

To have played Sweet Lavender and Lucy Preston, and to have played them well, is no small achievement for a girl. But Miss Gibson has acted a dozen other characters, to the delight of Australian audiences, commencing with Marguerite de Tremellon in "A Village Priest," and ending with Tessie in "The Open Gate." She has appeared in several of Mr. Pinero's characters, in addition to that already mentioned, including Beryl Bompas in "The Times," Sheba in "Dandy Dick," Lady Thomasin in "The Amazons," and Felicity Gunnion in "The Squire." She made a hit as Lettice Vane in Mr. Henry Hamilton's play, "Harvest," and she made a particular success in the Scotch character of Maggie Macfarlane in Mr. Gilbert's comedy, "Engaged." She was a capital Molly Seagrim in "Sophia," and, among her other parts, are Hattie Griffin in "Niobe," Belle Golightly in "Walker, London," and Nellie Martey in "Uncles and Aunts."

AUSTIN BRERETON.

As an example of the present-day vogue for Napoleonic literature, and for Mr. Du Maurier's "Trilby," in the United States, take the following "Tragedy of To-Day" from the *New York Judge*—

"So you have decided to leave him, my child?" said the mother.

"Yes," the young wife replied.

"Remember, it is a grave matter. Such a step is too important to be taken without deliberate and sincere reflection."

"I have reflected. We can never be truly happy."

"Why?"

"We can never esteem each other as we should. He doesn't look in the least like Napoleon, and my foot doesn't bear the slightest resemblance to Trilby's."



## SARAH BERNHARDT IN "GISMONDA."

There is a schoolboy definition of a net as a number of holes tied together with string, and it came into my mind on the first night of "Gismonda," which seemed to be a set of *entr'actes* united by small doses of drama. Unfortunately, indeed, the "first night" tried the staying power of the audience severely, and many people who came gladly at eight o'clock failed to be in at the—marriage. I was going to say "death," from force of phrase and custom with regard to Sarah, who rarely gives us a happy ending. However, I am bound to add that when the entertainment has been reduced to a reasonable scale it will be exceedingly pleasant.

"Gismonda" is exactly what the experienced expected. The London playgoer, like the Parisian, has taken exactly the measure of Sardou, and is aware that his chief quality is a remarkable trick of taking exactly the measure of Madame Bernhardt. As the Duchess of Athens she has a chance of using almost all the gifts whose astonishing variety render her, in my opinion, the greatest actress of our times.

Who could express more poignantly the anguish, the terror, the horror of a mother whose child has fallen into a tiger's den than the woman who, in the torture-scene of "La Tosca," rendered the audience supremely miserable? Naturally, then, Francesco, the child-heir to the fifteenth-century dukedom of Athens, falls into the den, and we all had our feelings harrowed till the valiant Almerio—in the wings—slew the beast and saved the babe. Then came a fine display of maternal joy, followed by horror when Gismonda found that she had pledged herself to wed a basely born falconer. Throughout the play were episodes ingeniously contrived to take Bernhardt through almost the whole range of her gifts.

Lately, in relation to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, critics have been talking of Bernhardt's remarkable power of fascination, and the third act of "Gismonda" showed a splendid instance. The way in which the Duchess plays with Almerio when she is trying to get him to release her from a vow to wed the man who would save her child, is wonderful. One could understand how she bewitched him, confused him, bewildered him, rendered him incapable of clear thought, till he became as wax in her hands. One forgot that the actress has been playing such scenes for many, many years, and only saw the supreme charm of the woman. The scene was rendered the more striking by the subtle way in which Gismonda showed that her love for him grew as fast as his passion for her. The end of the act may be stagey, but it is vastly clever.

When, after hinting that he may win her love, but without making any promise, she has cajoled the man and got his oath that he will renounce his claim, one is puzzled. Then comes her scornful "Go back to your hut, peasant; go back!" and the man started up, full of rage, and one expected a thrilling scene, and in a moment her voice, rich in passionate love, sounded, "Go back to your hut, but leave the door open; for I am coming, since I love you." The effect was startling, delightful.

It was in the last act we had the customary thrill. Perhaps it was, rather, disappointment. The hair-pin homicide in "Theodora" gripped one more fiercely, the sickle murder in "Pauline Blanchard" was more horrible, and the stabbing by La Tosca of the infamous Governor sticks in one's mind more clearly, chiefly, perhaps, because of the extraordinary way in which she gazed at the knife lying on the table—a way so extraordinary that one impressionable friend of mine vows that the knife crawled to her of its own motion. However, I can hardly go through the whole catalogue of her crimes in search of comparisons. Certainly, when she comes behind Zaccaria with an axe and strikes him down, it was less exciting than one expected, but why some should have found it comic I do not know.

Following the axe came a typical Sardou-Bernhardt effect. Who would recognise the golden-voiced duchess in the woman holding up the dying man's head by his hair, and yelling at him, in vile, coarse, raucous tones, insult upon insult, and explaining, with the candour that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones declined to show in "The Case of Rebellious Susan," exactly what had just taken place in the hut of her lover? It was a vivid, horrible little scene, which would have made any ordinary lover decline the honour of marrying such a woman. However, Almerio was loyal.

Naturally, people have deplored the happy-ever-after ending. When we go to see Bernhardt, we want to have a dying-scene, and to

shed a few cheap tears that drive away pleasantly the theatre-dust out of our eyes. However, she seemed so radiantly happy in her wedding that one could forgive her for not plucking our heart-strings by an exquisite departure "to the bourn from which," &c. As a whole, it is a play with fine moments of sensational effect and some dull minutes of dreary dialogue. Yet, for the love-scene in the third act, for the beauty of costumes, splendour of scenery, and, above all, the gorgeous acting of the incomparable Sarah, it deserves to be seen. Year after year detractors declare that her art shows signs of decay; but even if it be less subtle and delicate than it used to be, the quality was originally so high as to leave enough to render her unique as the exponent of strong acting parts. The company is fair throughout, and M. Guitry, who was admirable last year as the hapless king in "Les Rois," is really excellent as Almerio. His work may show a little roughness, but perhaps in such a part it is unavoidable. His passion and force are immense, so that he is able to hold his own even against the Duchess. Some praise may be given to Mlle Seylor and also to MM. De Max and Deval.

MONOCLE.

## THEATRICAL NOTES.

Just after the production of "An Artist's Model" a critic said to me, "I think we've killed that wretched piece, and I guess you've put some nails in the coffin." And yet, on Tuesday, three months and a half later, I found the piece in its new home, and it seemed the liveliest corpse in the world. Indeed, if fervour of applause prove anything, the play will outlive most of the works now on the boards. I cannot say much in praise of the souvenir presented to the audience. Why, seeing what charming pictures Mr. Dudley Hardy drew for "A Gaiety Girl," Mr. George Edwardes should have commissioned someone else it is hard to say: the difference between the *chic* of the old souvenir and the commonplace fashion-plate prettiness of the new is deplorable. What causes the success of "An Artist's Model"? Certainly not the book, which, to me, is irritating to an acute extent. Can it be the music? Mr. Sidney Jones has done some excellent work, and much of his music is charming and well deserves popularity, but are we musical enough for it to support the book successfully? I suppose that the explanation lies in the strength of the company—in the dainty dancing and clever singing of Miss Letty Lind, the excellent voices of Miss Marie Tempest and Mr. Hayden Coffin, the gaiety of Mr. Maurice Farkoa, the smartness of Mr. Soutar, and the—the—I might fill up a column with assorted eulogistic epithets if I had to go honestly through the company. Lively music, pretty women, clever playing, lovely dresses, and handsome scenery, achieve a success as genuine as surprising.

"Hooray, Cissie!" shouted someone in the gallery, when Miss Cissie Loftus made her reappearance at the Palace Theatre clad in the old white dress—or rather, a new dress of the old fashion—with her raven hair a-hanging down her back. Not a bit nervous did she seem. Has she changed? A good deal. The youthful, gawky grace, that used to be delightful, has gone, and, in its place, a curious assurance and manner—Miss Cissie has suddenly grown into a woman—*belle-femme*, too, as the Yvette Guilbert dress showed. Her work has even improved. The Ada Rchan, a novelty, was the pick of the basket: indeed, it is a marvellous reproduction of the fascinating Ada. Eugene Stratton was, perhaps, as clever, though I do not like to see her distort her pretty face. The Hayden Coffin was very funny, as before, and the imitation of his comic manner irresistible. The Arthur Roberts is a failure, and should be dropped. Her Yvette Guilbert, in the highly salted "Les Demoiselles à Marier," was admirable, and the Letty Lind so clever that it must be a labour of love—or something else.

Mr. McKee Rankin has been "injuncted" from performing a pirated version of "Trilby." He calmly asserted that his play was based, not upon Du Maurier's book, but upon an old and long-forgotten novel called "Trilby; or, The Fairy of Argyll." He formerly played Mr. A. M. Palmer a similar trick with regard to "The Two Orphans." My knowledge of Mr. McKee Rankin comes from the fact that he appeared at Sadler's Wells, a good many years ago, in a capital drama of life in the backwoods, called "The Danites." Rankin's wife was known in her youth as "pretty Kitty Blanchard," and their daughter married Sidney Drew, of the celebrated histrionic family of that name.



SARAH BERNHARDT.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

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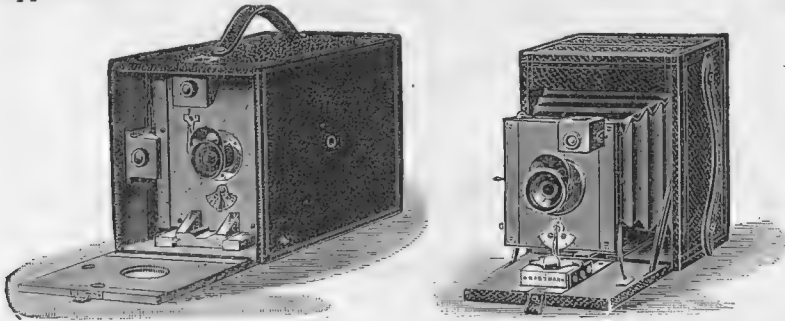
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## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## CRICKET.

The revival of the England v. Surrey fixture, after a lapse of twenty-nine years, was not attended with the success one could have wished. The chief reason for the comparative failure of the match, from a cricketing point of view, was the extraordinary and unexpected collapse of the Surrey batsmen. Cricket, we know, is the most unreliable of games; but, after making every allowance for its eccentricities, it is impossible to account in any reasonable way for the breakdown of the Surrey batting. When one considers that Surrey scored over 400 against Essex in one innings, and over 500 against Warwick in one innings, and, again, well over 400 in one innings against Cambridge University, what is one to say when, on a similar wicket, the Surrey eleven are dismissed for 85 runs?

No doubt the obvious retort is that Surrey in the England match met a different class of bowling. This is, of course, correct; but it does not in any way account for the differences in the scoring. Surrey have met as good bowling many a time, and scored largely from it; but last Monday at the Oval, with one or two exceptions,

exception, the finest feat ever performed in cricket, I give the exact dates and figures—

Aug. 11 and 12—M.C.C. v. Kent, 344.

14 and 16—Gloucester v. Notts, 177.

17 and 18—Gloucester v. Yorkshire, 318 (not out).

These figures, it will be seen, give the Doctor an average of 419 per innings. I suppose this record will stand for all time.

Speaking of big scores, I ought not to omit the 171 by Holland against Cambridge University. Up to the time of playing this match, the Surrey colt had appeared in four first-class county matches, and had obtained an average of 108 per innings. In the same match that Holland made his big score Abel also made 165. This pair of batsmen between them put on no fewer than 306 runs for the second wicket. This is not quite record, but it comes near enough to be worthy of a special note in *The Sketch*.

Among county matches played, it is only necessary to state that Yorkshire had an excellent victory over Warwickshire, when they had to obtain over a hundred runs in sixty-five minutes. These were knocked

S. Lohman (Jamaica). A. Priestly (English). M. Barker (E.). C. Chandler (J.). W. G. Farquharson (J.). W. Farquharson (J.). R. Sewell (E.). H. Castle (J.). E. Burke (J.). J. Dawson (E.). R. Barney (E.).  
R. Berens (E.). J. Weatherby (E.). B. Verley (J.). F. Pearce (Captain, J.). R. Lucas (Captain, E.). R. Davenport (E.). F. Bush (E.).



R. Marshall (E.). C. Burton (J.). W. Wakefield (E.). C. Hurditch (J.). R. Sedgwick (J.). J. Gibb (J.). J. Mullings (J.). Leigh-Barratt (E.).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRENNAN, KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

the county batsmen shaped like a team of schoolboys. Out of the 85 runs in the first innings, Holland, the Surrey colt, was top scorer with a well-played 25.

Nor was the batting of England quite up to the best standard. Had it not been for a serious mistake in the field, when Ward was let off after scoring five runs, the English total would not have numbered much over two hundred. With Ward, however, getting a "life" after scoring five and afterwards carrying his score to 163, England obtained exactly 363. At the second attempt, thanks to some spirited batting by Mr. Key and Lockwood, Surrey put a better complexion on the game, but were ultimately well beaten with an innings to spare. Seldom has Surrey played so disappointing a game. Their bowling was worn and weak, their batting spiritless, and their fielding slack and slovenly.

One effect of the match only lasting a couple of days was, of course, to diminish the amount of "gate" money, which, in this instance, is to be presented to Mr. W. W. Reed as a testimonial for his long and valuable services to Surrey. Everyone was disappointed that Dr. W. G. Grace failed to come off with the bat; but, of course, Jove sometimes nods, and even "The Master" may fail.

During the first three weeks in the cricket season—or, to be more accurate, up to May 25—Dr. Grace had scored 829 runs in eight innings. When one considers that it is the ambition of most batsmen to amass an aggregate of one thousand runs in a season, "W. G.'s" efforts in the first weeks of May must be considered extraordinary. They are not, however, without a parallel. In 1876 Dr. Grace himself scored 839 runs in three consecutive innings, all played within a week. As this is, without

off with seven minutes in hand. Another extraordinary feat in scoring against time was seen at Gravesend, where Gloucestershire beat Kent by nine wickets. The Western county had to get 104 runs, with seventy-five minutes left for play, and these they obtained somewhat easily in the time. It is worthy of remark that, out of the 104 runs, Grace obtained 73, not out, which, with a first innings of 257, made his total for the match 330 runs for once out. It is also worthy of remark that, owing to the Doctor scoring so heavily, he was in the field during the whole of the three days, from the bowling of the first ball to the fall of the last wicket.

The matches for the coming week are unusually interesting. Among them should be noted the appearance of Gloucester at the Oval to-morrow, where Surrey will be met. Next Monday, the visit of Somerset to the Oval will again afford a delectable dish to the Londoner, but the interest will be somewhat divided, seeing that, on the same day, Yorkshire play Middlesex at Lord's. As usual, I give the week's list of important matches—

June 6—At Cambridge, University v. M.C.C. and Ground.

At the Oval, Surrey v. Gloucestershire.

At Manchester, Lancashire v. Kent.

At Leicester, Leicestershire v. Yorkshire.

At Brighton, Sussex v. Somerset.

At Nottingham, Notts v. Leicestershire (provisional).

10—At the Oval, Surrey v. Somerset.

At Lord's, Middlesex v. Yorkshire.

At Oxford, University v. M.C.C. and Ground.

At Derby, Derbyshire v. Warwickshire.

OLYMPIAN.



## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

It is suggested in some quarters that runners will be scarce at Ascot, as so many trainers have horses suffering from shin-soreness. There is, however, plenty of time for them to recover, and I shall venture on the prediction thus early that the fields at Ascot this year will be far away above the average. I am told that a certain horse cannot lose the Royal Hunt Cup, no matter how he is treated. I must not mention the name of the animal, but he is trained in Jewitt's stable.

Judging from the experiences of Epsom, the dresses at Ascot this year will be very pretty, and already, I hear, the West-End costumiers are full of orders. It may not be generally known that the ladies staying in the district of the course have new gowns sent down for each day of the meeting, and the makers are so driven for time that often the new frocks do not arrive at their destination until it is time to start for the course. The ladies might, I should say, give a little more latitude in this respect to relieve the poor work-girls, who have to slave night and day.

It is pleasant to find good music at most of the enclosed meetings, and I take no little credit for having agitated for a band at Hurst Park. True, paying the piper adds to the expenses of running race meetings, but, *per contra*, there is the additional attendance to be counted, and it is certain that ninety-five per cent. of the ladies who go racing never take the slightest interest in the sport—and a good job too, as the odd five per cent. who worry themselves about winners could be well dispensed with. Women gamblers can never believe it is possible for them to lose, and when they do, which is pretty often, of course, the whole thing is unfair.

Goodwood is going to be a lively meeting this year, and I am told that already the best houses in the neighbourhood of Chichester have been taken for the Sussex fortnight, and there is every reason to believe that the ducal gathering will be a largest on record. Lord March supervises the meeting so ably that there is little fault to be found. At the same time, one little grievance occurs to me. It is this: Strange to say, on each anniversary the roadway leading up to the back of the paddock is newly laid a few days before the meeting. This is hard on the poor horses, and I trust the road-mending will be done earlier this year.

M. Cannon still finds time to do a little swimming, and he often, when at home, has a row on Southampton Water. Cannon is fond of yachting, and I am told he shapes well as a sculler. George Barrett and his brother Fred used to keep a yacht. Very few of the other jockeys care for the water, and when they go out for a sail at Yarmouth, many of them suffer from *mal-de-mer*. I certainly think swimming is a pastime that should be indulged in by our leading jockeys, as it is recommended just now as being the best form of training.

The Manchester Cup will this year be a good race, and the Whit-week meeting at Old Barns is likely to pay well. When we consider the situation of the course, it is little matter for wonder that its shareholders receive dividends of 45 per cent. per annum. Young Mr. Price makes an able secretary to the company. Lord Marcus Beresford has, as manager, done wonders for the club, and the Messrs. Frail, as Clerks of the Course, are the right men in the right place. I should like to see the Prince of Wales win the Cup with Florizel II., who may, however, be beaten by Bushey Park.

The meeting to take place at Lingfield next Monday and Tuesday should be the most successful of the series, and if the executive would only arrange for a late train, to leave Victoria, say, at 1.15 and reach the course by two o'clock each day, they would benefit greatly. This plan, if always carried out, would, too, add largely to the list of club members. Gentlemen object to leaving town at, say, 11.30, when racing does not begin, sixteen miles down, before two o'clock. The Lingfield managers display plenty of enterprise at home, and Mr. J. B. Leigh has played the game so pluckily, up to now, that I hope he will try and arrange for special late trains if Mr. Sarle can only be induced to grant the boon.

The Americans have not done much at racing here lately, but I believe Mr. Croker is bent on taking one or two more Stakes, and I believe Banquet II. is going for the Manchester Cup. But there is a deal of difference between a Selling Plate and a Handicap, and I hardly think the Yankees will score this time. I hear that the bookmakers have lost by laying the American horses up to now, and they are not likely to take liberties with them in the future.

Although English horses have been often successful in all countries, it must be admitted that the foreigners have hardly had their fair share in the game of reprisals. Many times have the foreigners tempted Dame Fortune in our Derby, but only on three occasions has she smiled on their efforts, when Gladiateur (French), Kisber (Austro-Hungarian), and Iroquois (American) were the mediums through which the coveted honour was snatched from "Perfidious Albion."

Bookmakers are unlucky as owners of horses. Mr. H. Goodson, the newest recruit to the ranks of owner-bookmakers, has met with but poor success up to now with his horses. Over thirty years have passed away since the Derby was won by a bookmaker, the last occasion having been in 1862, when Mr. Snewing won with Caractacus. Since then considerably over a thousand horses belonging to knights of the pencil have been entered, but have failed.

## A NEW NOTE ON BROWNING.

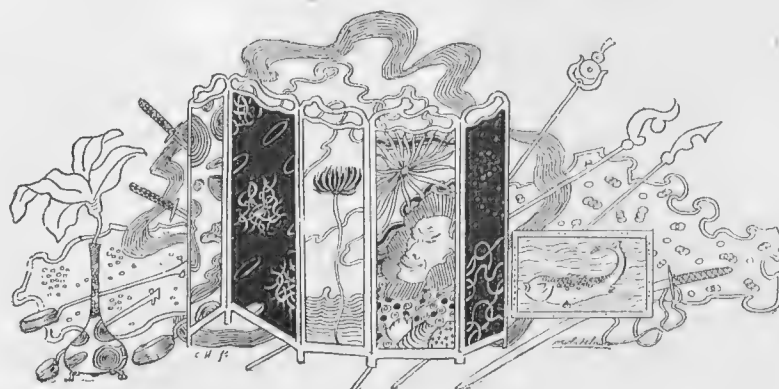
Mr. David Douglas of Edinburgh has issued 225 copies of "The Memoir and Remains of Mr. John Miller Gray," a man who, though he was unknown to the wider public, was affectionately regarded by many eminent contemporaries. Mr. Gray was one of those who carried on the literary and artistic traditions of Edinburgh, and some of his critical articles in the *Academy* and other journals show much knowledge, taste, and feeling. Mr. Gray was on somewhat intimate terms with Browning, and I may quote a letter which gives Browning's judgment on the Froude publications: "About Browning. . . . He knew Carlyle well, and respected him greatly, and liked him personally. He told me that he called shortly before the old man's death. He was asleep at the time, and his niece took Browning in to see him, and that was the last look he had of the grand old face. He seemed to be much annoyed with Froude's various publications—the 'Reminiscences,' at any rate. He seemed to think that they gave an impression of Carlyle untrue to that which he personally made. No doubt Browning would have that pity of which you speak for a nature not healthy all round. Certainly he, if anyone,

Lives and likes life's way,  
Nor wishes the wings unfurled  
That sleep in the worm, they say.

He is one of those of whom Emerson speaks, 'Free from dyspepsia, to whom a day is a sound and solid good.' Does not that express the thing squarely and concisely?" Gray contributed to an Edinburgh paper an appreciative notice of Browning's "Dramatic Idylls," which brought forth the following reply: "For your two questions. The 'painful birth,' &c., is a merely general allusion to the fact that just at the beginning of the thirteenth century Art was revived in Siena (even before Florence), presumably under some such circumstances, to judge by the character of work still extant, work of a singularly beautiful as well as saintly character. I localised the fact—that is all. 'L'Ingegno,' however, 'The Genius,' was a person of whom mention is made in the annals of art as so pre-eminent among the scholars of Perugino as to have obtained that distinguishing appellation, even with Rafael for a fellow-disciple. His master's preference is shown by the choice of Andrea Luigi of Assisi—such was his name—as his assistant in various important works—those in the Cambria at Perugino, some at Assisi, and, eventually, the paintings in the Sistine Chapel. But, while still very young, he was struck with blindness; and, incapacitated from the prosecution of his art, subsisted in his native Assisi on a sufficient provision generously allowed by the Pope, who had recognised his early promise; and thus he lingered out his life of eighty-six years." O. O.

## "THE BELLES OF THE BOULEVARDS."

One of the most novel and amusing shows just now at the Palace Theatre is a wild, freakish, and very French little performance of four charming little people who call themselves, not inappropriately (though Jean, Ada, Grace, and Rose have never been out of England), "the Belles of the Boulevards." It is an eccentric dance in the manner of the *chahut*, but with English reticences, and (thanks to a good master, Mr. Paul Valentine) an English accuracy in pointing the toes, alike in high kicking and in the more difficult accomplishment of the "splits." The fantasy and high spirits of the dance are, for English people, uncommon, and uncommonly amusing. And these little people are original, too, in their caprices, and have introduced some novelties of movement into a show which is, of course, founded on French models. They bounce upon the stage in, apparently, ordinary enough walking-dresses—a little short, but quite possible for walking purposes; and, once there, they proceed to fling themselves gaily, and as if at haphazard, all over the place, turning somersaults, doing Catherine wheels, tossing their legs over one another's heads, joining hands, and then stepping over one another's hands, frisking to and fro in a mazy sort of dance, and then suddenly flattening themselves out in the "splits," done in the most effective, difficult, and scientific way, by a leap into the air and a sharp descent direct to the ground. Since Nini-Patte-en-l'Air, I have seen nothing of the kind so brilliantly done; and how novel, how unexpected, is such a performance for England! They have individuality, too, and are personally piquant, which is another novelty. Certainly, "the Belles of the Boulevards" are worth seeing.





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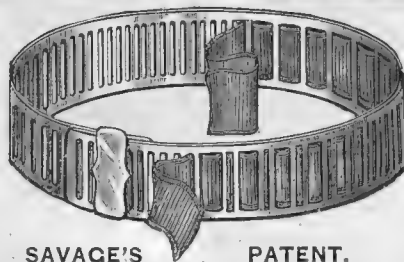
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## FÉDORA'S DRESSES, AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.



Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Féedora is the heroine of the day, so her dresses acquire a sort of reflected glory, which entitles them to special attention. Not that, as a matter of fact, they require any reflected glory: they have plenty in their own right, for they are the most gorgeously beautiful creations which anyone could imagine, and with something alternately barbaric and mystical in their loveliness, which gives them an added fascination. And Féedora herself looks exquisite, with those wonderful great liquid eyes of hers, and her pale face framed by her dusky hair. Imagine her in her first dress, which is, to my thinking, the most perfect of all: it is fashioned of white satin, the long, trained skirt bordered all round with a band of dark sable, above which shine out single star-like lilies, brocaded in silver. Up the front of the skirt, almost to the knees, rise tall sprays of silver lilies; and still again, the waist is outlined by single blossoms. The bodice itself is arranged in loose, outstanding pleats, and held on simply—or rather, apparently—by shoulder-straps composed of double rows of great diamonds, from which fall filmy folds of chiffon. I have never seen a dress which impressed me so much, and when there is added a superbly beautiful cloak of shimmering silver moiré, the fronts bordered with sable, while, as a contrast to all this glory and brightness, there is a long scarf of filmy black chiffon at the neck, you may, perhaps, imagine something of the general effect, especially when this regal cloak, on being thrown open, reveals a cloudy lining composed of frill upon frill of chiffon in most delicate shades of pink and mauve and yellow.

So much for Act I. Then, for Act II., this lily purity of white and silver gives place to a revel of colour and a glory of warm-hued flowers. The dress itself, with its long, sweeping train, is of golden-yellow brocade in a curious, rippling, wave-like design, the bodice all a-glitter with straps of silver filigree embroidery, while round the hips goes a girdle-like band of the same

shining trimming. Here, again, there are no sleeves, unless you can dignify by this name some drooping folds of filmy black chiffon, over which fall epaulettes of white net, thickly sewn with silver sequins; and then there come the roses—great, full-blown flowers, and tiny, opening buds, in purest white, tender yellow, and on through palest pink to deepest crimson. There is a great spray of roses over the right shoulder, a loose cluster at the waist, and, down the whole of the left side of the skirt, a veritable shower of roses, while one gets peeps of more roses as

ACT I.

an inside bordering to the train, and a great bunch—of darkest red—has been thrown, with the carelessness of consummate art, on the right of the skirt. Diamond butterflies, diamond crescents and suns, and jewelled chains, all add to the general splendour, but the wealth of roses is the loveliest thing in this lovely dress.

And still another change, for Act III., where Féedora, who is trying, for the time, to enact the part of the High Priestess of Fate, is robed in a loosely flowing gown of white silken gauze, patterned all over in shining gold, with curious hieroglyphics and defiant griffins, and showing the faint glimmer of an under-dress of pale-pink satin. A long-ended girdle, covered with closely massed gold sequins, is fastened loosely round the waist with a great diamond sun; and round the bodice, beneath a chemisette of drawn white gauze, there goes a band of many-hued embroidery. There are transparent angel-sleeves of the gold-brocaded gauze; and perhaps Féedora looks more fascinatingly lovely in this—comparative—simplicity than in the gorgeous raiment of the first two acts. Last of all, she has a gown of ivory satin, entirely veiled with mellow-tinted lace, its loose folds caught up by a jewelled girdle, and the transparent sleeves being of chiffon.

But the tragedy of "Féedora," and the glamour of her gowns, must not make me forget that Mrs. Bancroft has two very handsome gowns, the first (which is worn in Act II.) being a trained Princess robe of bright but dark green velvet, the entire front of ivory satin being one glittering mass of silver and gold sequin embroidery interspersed with pink coral. The bodice and train are draped with some magnificent old Brussels lace—real, I must tell you—caught together at the back with a great emerald and diamond buckle, and Mrs. Bancroft wears a rope of pearls round her neck, and carries a real old Empire fan. She appears again in Act IV., in a black satin gown brocaded with single leaves of goodly dimension, the skirt bordered with a ruching of chiffon, sprinkled over with jet sequins, and a thick ruffle to match encircling the neck. The smartly cut coat-bodice has two diamond buttons at either side, and opens over a vest of old-rose mirror velvet, while, to complete the picture, there is a deep collar of costly old lace, and a hat-bonnet, if I may so call it, of black straw trimmed with shaded pink roses and black tips. You see, Mrs. Bancroft has had to choose her headgear for this particular occasion with great discretion, for a bonnet would not become her as well as a hat, and yet the hat has to be of modest, almost bonnet-like, proportion to admit of a chaste salute being imprinted, without undignified dodging, on her brow.

There are also four pretty gowns worn in Act II. by "the Countess's" guests. Miss Hilda Hanbury, handsome and regal-looking, heads the list with a mauve satin gown, the skirt exceedingly full, but perfectly plain, and the bodice having an overhanging box-pleat in front, on which flash four diamond buttons; while there is, in addition, a deep berthe of handsome mellow-tinted lace. Another striking dress is of eau-de-Nil satin, the softly ruched shoulder-straps being of vivid geranium-pink silk. The cape sleeves, which leave a



ACT III.



goodly portion of the arm visible before they deign to commence, are also bordered with a silk ruche, which is again employed to outline the *décolletage*. A dark-green satin skirt has a bodice of white chiné silk, patterned with blurred-pink roses, deep frills of filmy écarle lace falling over the puffed satin sleeves. Then there is also a turquoise-blue satin gown, the bodice draped with a fichu of white lace, and adorned with



ACT II.

several market-bunches of dark-hued violets. The sleeves are of the large, puffed order—indeed, the other ladies in the company seem to have tried to make up for Mrs. Patrick Campbell's lack of sleeves by putting extra yards into their own.

So, altogether, you see the gowns in "Fédora" are by no means an unimportant part of a notable production.

FLORENCE.

## ROYAL OAK DAY IN HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Attracted by a large coloured poster, announcing the Fifth Annual Commemoration of Royal Oak Day at Holywell, in Huntingdonshire, I determined to run down and witness the quoit-matches, music, speeches, and other festivities which had been announced.



MR. HERBERT VIVIAN.

At St. Ives, I made my way to the White Horse, the Jacobite inn, and found myself in the very midst of the conspirators. The walls were adorned with Mr. Herbert Vivian's election-address, with which he was to inaugurate a Jacobite candidature on Royal Oak Day. He solicited the honour of representing "the free, loyal, and independent electors of North Huntingdonshire" in "the Convention Parliament at Westminster." "I look over the water," he went on to say, "and proclaim the unquestionable right to

the throne of these realms of the direct representative of the elder branch of the Royal House of Stuart." And there was a sneer at the "see-saw of Liberals, who are liberal only at the expense of others, and Conservatives, who have long ago ceased to conserve."

At the White Horse I learnt much about the origin and progress of this movement. It was started in Huntingdonshire, some six or seven years ago, by a number of gentlemen named Fraser—a regular clan of Frasers—who have devoted the greater part of their time and patience to spreading their principles. This they have done with surprising

success, their "White Cockade Jacobite Club" now numbering several hundreds of members, almost exclusively labouring-men, who claim to have weighed both political parties in the balance and found them wanting.

Soon after noon next day—the day—I made my way to Holywell, the headquarters of the Commemoration—a smiling village at the beginning of the Fens, little over a mile from St. Ives, across flowery meadows. A special barge was run to convey the faithful by water from St. Ives. Tickets, price ninepence each, with the euphemistic title "River Excursion," had been extensively sold. Others had walked or driven over from the whole country-side within a radius of eight miles.

Holywell Church had been extensively decorated with oak-boughs outside. The clergyman had refused a request to give the Restoration Service in his church, but he permitted the tower of the church to be adorned with five or six large oak-boughs, which could be desecrated for miles around across the Fens. Oddly enough, the neighbouring church of Swavesey has for generations been similarly adorned, in deference to the legacy of some admirer of the Stuarts.

Some two-score men and boys were playing quoits outside the Ferryboat Inn at Holywell when I arrived. Each had a white cockade and a bunch of oak-leaves in his buttonhole, and many wore them also in their hats. Some wore also the black-and-white badge of the White Cockade Club. Large oak-boughs hung from the windows of the inn, and the inevitable election addresses of Mr. Herbert Vivian had been posted on its walls, both inside and out.

On the outer wall, and on a river-hoarding opposite, the words "*De jure*" figured in colossal letters. One of the barmaids remarked upon this inscription, "It means 'Damn the Germans,' don't it? It's just as well they've put it in French!" On the river opposite the inn were two boats with flags, one bearing the name of the boat, The White Cockade, and the other the motto of Prince Charlie's banner at Glenfinnan, "*Tandem Triumphans*." There were two other boats without flags, The Merry Monarch and The Queen Mary. On a pole in the water was a Union Jack, with "M.R." (Maria, Regina) sewn across it in large letters.

Quoits and conviviality went on most of the afternoon. The inside of the inn had really been very tastefully decorated with oak-leaves and paper white roses. In frames on the walls were photographs of "The Queen Over the Water" and "Rupert, Duke of Cornwall," besides coloured cartoons, the work of the late Mr. G. G. Fraser. The landlady told me she had ordered in one hundred quartern loaves, and I saw Gargantuan piles of ruddy Dutch cheese and bucket-like jugs of ale carried into the parlour all the afternoon.

The numbers kept constantly increasing, and, by eight, when the speeches began in the parlour, there must have been five or six hundred people present—inside and out. Mr. Arthur Fraser, President of the Club, took the chair, amid intense enthusiasm. He made a bright, pointed speech, congratulating the Club on the work it had done and meant to do. Then he introduced the candidate, Mr. Vivian, who spoke for some forty minutes, calling for a new Restoration—"a Restoration of the rightful Sovereign, and a Restoration of decent politics in this country." "You have got to choose," he said, "between a good Sovereign and the spurious half-Sovereign—the Hanover Jack—who now occupies the throne."

Then followed resolutions, all carried unanimously. There was one pledging the meeting to support Mr. Vivian's candidature for "the Convention Parliament," another protesting against the erection of a statue to "the Regicide Cromwell," and a third affirming "unswerving loyalty to her most gracious Majesty Queen Mary the Fourth." It was further resolved that copies of the resolution should be sent to "her Majesty," to Lord Ashburnham, to the Liberal and Conservative leaders, and to "the occupant of the throne." A policeman was present throughout, but allowed all this treason to pass by unnoticed.

The rest of the evening was devoted to songs, accompanied by a harp and fiddle. There were old Jacobite songs adapted to modern requirements—notably, "Here's a health unto her Majesty," with the emphatic refrain—

If anyone should answer "No,"

(to the proffer of the toast)

I only wish that he may go  
With Brunswick swine to H— below,  
With a fol-de-rol-de-rido;

and "The Oak Apple Song," beginning to a pathetic, melancholy tune—

If all the years were a single day,  
It should break for me in the month of May.

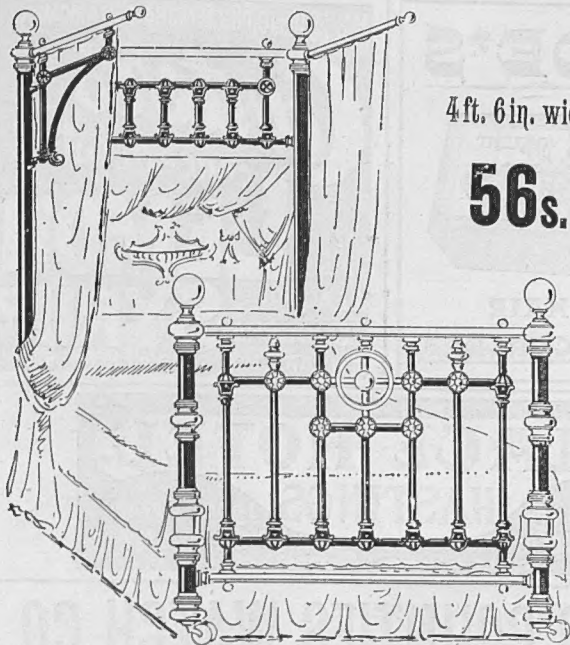
And there were modern Jacobite songs, one (written by a gas-fitter, and set to music by a plumber) with an allusion to "England's daughter," and the refrain,

God send our good Prince Rupert o'er the water.

Another effective song had been specially composed for the occasion by a labourer.

All through the evening the company frequently raised their beer-mugs, and exclaimed "Here's the old toast!" or "The Queen over the water, gentlemen!" suiting the action to the word. The proceedings wound up with the National Anthem, "God send the Queen . . . soon to reign over us," which the Jacobites claim as originally their song.

"It's been as good as a Bank Holiday!" an enthusiast exclaimed, as I took my leave to walk across the misty fen by the uncertain light of the crescent moon.



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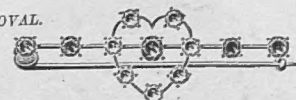
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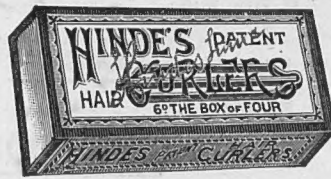
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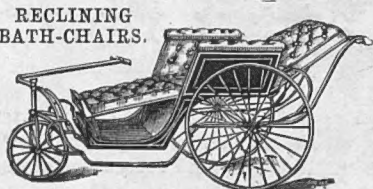
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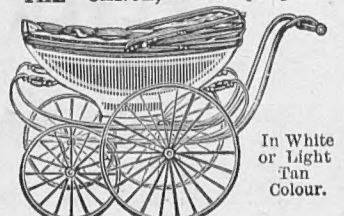
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## PARLIAMENT.

BY A "RASH RADICAL."

The House has done its pre-holiday work, and has separated in a curious atmosphere of calm. There are all sorts of threats and omens of what is going to happen when the Opposition return, and it is quite possible that we may have to meet an organised attack, strengthened by a certain junction of forces between one or two of the Welsh members and the whole body of the Unionists, on the Government's proposal to set up a Royal Commission for dealing with temporalities in place of a Welsh and local body. Mr. Lloyd-George is a very able, energetic politician, with a certain holy passion about him which is sometimes refreshing in these days of languorous and insincere statesmanship. But he is not the most discreet of men, and the idea of wrecking the Government on the Welsh Bill on the matter of the allocation of funds sounds wild enough.

## THE DANGER OF LOCAL VETO.

But other problems loom further ahead. What is going to be done about Local Veto? I think the Cabinet has changed its earlier mind on the subject, which was in favour of shelving the Bill altogether. What is quite certain is that there is no enthusiasm for it within the House. Nor can members of the Liberal Party care a rap for it. The Temperance contingent is small, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. Caine, and Mr. Whittaker, who practically compose it, are not strong enough to weigh against the indifference and the concealed hostility of the rank and file. Outside, however, the forces stand on a somewhat different footing. Sir William Harcourt has undoubtedly been the recipient of a steadily increasing pile of letters and resolutions in favour of the Bill. He regards it as a sacred duty to carry it forward, and I believe that he is gaining ground in the Cabinet. The feeling is that the Temperance question carries with it a large moral and social force which it will not do to despise or ignore. There is also the question of honour, which may seem to dictate the course on which it is possible that the Government may decide. In any case, however, there will be no second reading of the Veto Bill until the other Bills are through. It is now understood that such a Bill must be a neck-or-nothing affair, and that, if the Government come out safe, it can only be by a majority of four or five. That would make any further progress impossible. Level-headed men naturally ask themselves whether it is worth while risking so much for so little. Home Rule, the House of Lords question, social and industrial legislation—all these things are to be postponed or put in the background in order to have a big and rather futile demonstration on an issue as to which the Party is divided. I cannot say this strikes me as very sound policy; but I am not sure that the force of circumstances will not cause this rather drifting Government to adopt it.

## A DUAL GOVERNMENT.

Meanwhile, there is the usual amount of talk going round as to the relations between Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt. The truth is, that matters have improved somewhat since the Premier's illness, and that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is playing the game rather more strenuously and loyally than he did in the earlier days of Lord Rosebery's administration. Still, some difficulties suggest themselves. Lord Rosebery, as a peer, is not able to take any part in a General Election. He can post a letter to a friend, and deliver his views in the form in which Lord Beaconsfield not very happily announced them on the eve of the General Election of 1880. But he can do nothing more, and one doubts whether Sir William Harcourt is inclined to take an active part in the contest. If this happens, the Liberal Party will be left largely without effective leadership, and it is beginning to ask itself why it should be condemned to such a poverty of active chieftainship. I think it will have, in the end, to be remedied by the substitution of Mr. Asquith for Sir William Harcourt as the active Leader of the House of Commons. This would be, in some respects, a loss, for Sir William Harcourt is a deft and able Party Leader, who easily dominates the really inferior personality of Mr. Balfour. But leadership is not everything, and it is the country which wants to be "enthused" and kept awake and alive. Sir William does not do this, but he feels, perhaps with some reason, that the place Lord Rosebery fills should be his. As for the Prime Minister, he is, I believe, perfectly restored to health, and his second Derby victory has no doubt inspired him. He still has a chance, but though he has been a fairly tactful chief of the Cabinet, he has failed to meet the intellectual needs of a Party that has always been accustomed to a good deal of hard fighting. How has he met this need? He is an excellent Foreign Minister, and his chief regard is for this department; but in domestic politics he has done little, for the simple reason, I fancy, that he does not study them as closely and intelligently as he does the exterior affairs of the Empire. We shall see if he strengthens. But he is most undeniably on his trial.

## LYRIC COMPLAINT.

A lass more sweet  
You will not pass  
In any street—  
Alas!

A miss above  
All dreams of bliss,  
She takes my love  
Amiss!

New York Life.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Will his second Derby make Lord Rosebery more popular as Prime Minister? I doubt it. There are, of course, two essentially different ways of looking at the question. On the one hand, the owner of successful racehorses, and one who runs them straight, obtains a popularity which may naturally be transferred to every capacity in which he is before the public. But Party politics are a different matter from sport, after all; and, though Lord Rosebery might score politically by his Derby if he were a Conservative Prime Minister, I doubt whether his Liberal and Radical following are particularly pleased. Besides, Sir Visto's win was by no means a "popular" one, like that of Ladas. I was at Epsom last Wednesday, and, whatever the papers may have said, I can avouch that "the crowd" were not enthusiastic about Lord Rosebery's victory. Few of them had put their shillings and half-crowns—and it is only by mixing with the crowd at Epsom that you can realise how many shillings and half-crowns the bookies do reap in from the very poorest-looking of the British mob—on Sir Visto; they had followed the betting blindly, and having won over the favourite last year, had not troubled to look down the list to the sixth or seventh horse. No, it was not a good race for the crowd, though it was not as bad as it would have been if a hot favourite had been beaten; and I do not expect that our Radical Premier will find that his win will bring in a single vote for his Party if a General Election is close at hand. Last year it might have been different if an election had come after the victory of Ladas.

## AFTER WHITSUNTIDE.

The House of Commons is taking a holiday, though it was not allowed one for the Derby. By the way, I have never known a poorer Derby Day adjournment debate than this year. Memories of Lord Elcho's humorous speeches of a few years back make the disappointment double. In plain fact, what is the use of moving the adjournment over Derby Day, with the Government opposing, and, therefore, with the prospect of certain defeat, unless the movers and opposers are prepared to rise to the occasion? This is one of the few occasions when a sort of after-dinner speech is allowed in the House, and its disappearance will not be missed if it is to be taken so little advantage of. But what is to happen after Whitsuntide? At present the prospect of a July dissolution is still on the cards. Nor is it made the less probable by the hint at the procedure to be adopted by the Government, which Mr. Morley dropped at Newcastle last week. We are now in the first week of June, and Mr. Morley prophesies—and stakes his reputation as a prophet upon the precise accuracy of his forecast—that the Welsh Disestablishment Bill and the Irish Land Bill will have gone through all their stages in the House of Commons by the end of the third week in July. This is a period of six weeks at most, and it is certain that in that time those Bills cannot have passed through the House in the ordinary course. The Welsh Bill is only through Committee as far as its fourth clause, and the Irish Bill—a far more complicated one in its details, and one which only passed its second reading without a division on the ground that any opposition it might incur would properly come in Committee—has not even begun its Committee stage. The obvious and necessary inference from Mr. Morley's statement is that, after Whitsuntide, Sir William Harcourt will propose the "guillotine," or the Time-limit, as its apologists call it. I need not say that the Unionists will oppose this most strongly, particularly as regards the Irish Bill. The use of the "guillotine" will, however, give a final necessity to the rejection which both Bills will receive from the House of Lords. It is strange, is it not, how all parties long for their rejection by the Lords? The Ministry want to fill up their cup, the country relies on them to protect it from Radical plunderers, and the Opposition look forward to the dissolution which must follow.

## BIMETALLISM AND THE OPPOSITION.

Bimetallism is not a very lively subject, but it is being pressed forward very vigorously by its champions, and the Conservative Party are in rather a fright lest they should be committed to it as an article of their political creed. The protests and counter-protests lately addressed to the Unionist Leader are really important. I have heard it said that the Unionist Party might split on Bimetallism, just as the Liberals did on Home Rule. I don't believe that; but there is undoubtedly a personal difficulty. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chaplin are both ardent Bimetallists, and the chances are that what Mr. Balfour thinks to-day his Party will have to think to-morrow. Moreover, the advocates of a Bimetallic currency have a good deal of money behind them, besides the Lancashire vote, and they are confident of being able to convince the working-man that low prices are caused by Monometallism. However, I cannot believe that Bimetallism has yet become a political question, and most of us will hope that it never will. If the currency is to be dealt with, it must not be as a Party question, but with the concurrence of the mercantile community. Mr. Balfour is not the man to force his own particular opinions into the Party programme. Conservatives may take their own view about Bimetallism, without having to consider whether they are splitting the Party.

## NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, May 31, 1895.

This has been quite a holiday week, for, if operators have not been away, they have been preparing for the Whitsun week, and refusing to commit themselves to any more fresh bargains than they can help. The result has been general dullness, while the African market is, for the time, quite out of joint, for not only have people to face the Paris Settlement and the holidays, but also the fact that it is pretty well recognised to be necessary to pay for whatever you buy, a state of affairs which does not by any means commend itself to the speculative fraternity. Of course, if prices can be kept even at present level upon such a basis, it would be a good thing for everybody, and lead to a steady rise as soon as confidence is restored again; but until we know what is going to happen when markets get lively at the end of next week, it is useless and over-rash to take a decided line. It would be as foolish to sell good shares which you have paid for, dear Sir, as to buy more just at present, but, if you can pay for your bargains, we would rather be buyers than sellers.

Three weeks ago we referred to a person called John Lornie of Kirkcaldy, who was circularising many clients of ours, and offering to sell them mysterious shares (of which he did not give the name) and to guarantee everybody against loss. When any person wishes to sell us something, allows us to take whatever profit there may be, but offers to run all the risk, we become suspicious, and, when we know that the person who thus desires to befriend us, has been offering the shares of, or interests in, a linoleum company for years on these extraordinary terms, and has still more to dispose of, we confess our doubts are increased. We filled up a printed form, which had come to us by post, asking for particulars, and sent it to Mr. Lornie on May 8. The form contained a statement that, *if satisfied we might be inclined to invest £500*. By return of post we got a batch of printed matter, a badly written letter, and a telegraph-form filled up, asking us to say we would take the shares, with a request to send it to Mr. Lornie at once. We took no notice, and, on May 12, got another letter, saying that he had felt so sure of our money he had secured the shares for us, and, as he had done so, he hoped we would take them. Again we took no notice, and on May 16 got another letter, imploring us to take the shares, as he was responsible for them, but stating that he would return our money at any time, if we wished. Still we took no notice, and, on May 22, we received a still further letter, begging us, if we would not take *all* the shares, to, at least, accept a part.

We really thought by this time Mr. Lornie would have made up his mind that we were "bad eggs," but, upon the principle that genius is merely the infinite capacity for taking pains, we received, on the 29th, a still further communication, informing us that Mr. Lornie is the owner of two landed estates, and that, therefore, his guarantee *must* be substantial, and begging us to take thirty out of the fifty shares which he had secured for us.

Now Mr. John Lornie had no right to acquire any shares for us until we ordered them; if there is such a demand as his letters imply, there must be plenty of people anxious to take what we rejected, while throughout the whole correspondence—except for the statement about the landed estates—we have not had offered us any evidence of the value of Mr. Lornie's guarantees, or the total amount of his commitments under them. We wish to treat the gentleman with the utmost fairness, but we have his own circulars to prove that in 1892 he was asking people to take an interest in the linoleum works, of which he is now offering the shares, and promising purchasers to return their money if they did not like their bargain, and we are anxious to know whether he is not the same person as Mr. John Guthrie Lornie, who, on the prospectus of the Fife Linoleum Company, posed as the vendor—if so, why does he not say so? and also whether he is not now trying to sell us vendor's shares, acquired by him in the terms of a prospectus which lies before us as we write? If Mr. John Lornie will answer the above questions, and will refer us to half-a-dozen people who, in these three years, have proved the value of his guarantee, and whose money has been returned, we promise him a cheap advertisement, and will, if our inquiries are satisfactory, recommend every client of ours to buy shares on the terms of "heads I win, and tails you lose" which he is good enough to offer; but, until then, it may be as well for yourself and your friends to pause before responding to the well-meant efforts of this energetic gentleman.

You ask us how we can possibly suggest—as we did last week—that municipal bonds can be better than those of the Government of the colony in which such municipalities are situated, and we can understand your surprise at the statement. A moment's reflection will show you, however, that in case of repudiation or stoppage of interest by a Government, the bondholder has no redress but an appeal to the honesty of the defaulting state, whereas in the case of municipal loans there is a recourse to the law courts, and, in many cases, power to levy rates to pay both the principal and interest. Upon this ground alone, we say advisedly, we would prefer to hold the debentures of large and important colonial towns, rather than the inscribed stock of the corresponding Governments, and when, in addition, our clients can get quite one per cent. more income by following our advice, we think you will agree.

We hear much complaint at the Otis Steel Company's reorganisation scheme, which is said to be framed in the interests of the shareholders alone. Of course, debenture-holders, if they are wise, will take care not to be caught by any such device, and we hear that already sufficient opposition has been organised to prevent the plan which Mr. Alexander

Young has framed being carried. We strongly advise you to support the committee over which Sir Henry Seymour King presides, and which represents the interests of the debenture-holders alone.

For a long time, the question of taking proceedings against the directors of Woodhouse and Rawson United, Limited, has been in the air, and now a meeting of the debenture-holders of this most unfortunate concern has been called, to consider the question of whether the funds laboriously collected by the receiver shall be used for this purpose. The real question is not so much what sort of a case there is, as how much (if anything) the directors are ever likely to pay, assuming the expenditure is sanctioned. This sort of litigation is a costly luxury, and, in the majority of cases, ends in barren judgments. We advise you to go to the meeting, and look upon the matter from a purely business point of view, when you have heard all that is to be said on both sides.

You want to know what is the matter with Mills Day Dawn United, and whether you are to buy more on the fall. It is said that certain freehold allotments standing in the middle of the lease are blocking the way of the underlie shaft, and that the owners, under the present Queensland law, can exact onerous terms from the company. We believe the matter will be adjusted, and we know the company owns the finest piece of mining land in Charters Towers, so that, whatever difficulties there may be of the character suggested, it can only mean a little trouble for a time. If you can afford it, buy a few more below 20s., to average. Any story is good enough to frighten the Mining Market at present.

When the Linotype Company was started we were opposed to investment in its shares, for reasons which you know; but there can be little doubt the corner has been turned now, and that it is well worth while to buy from those who have seen the thing through its difficulties, and cannot hold on any longer. The ordinary shares are to be picked up below par, and, as a speculative home industrial investment, are the most promising thing we know. Look out for the New Chinese Loan, which it is said Messrs. Rothschild are going to father. Convert your Bank of New Zealand Estates debentures, and enjoy your holiday free from the care which a heavy "bull" account entails. Early next week, if you find that things are looking up, it will be time enough to begin buying.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

## FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made by Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CENTRAL.—We should not sell just at this moment. It is very possible the traffic matter may be arranged, but this is a matter of opinion, and we can only tell you what we should do if the bonds were our own.

B. B.—We are told by people from Coolgardie that this mine is no good, and we would not touch the shares. Of course, we have no personal knowledge, so can only speak from hearsay.

H. B.—See this week's "Notes," and try Palmarejo preference shares, or the first debentures. We can only give brokers' names by private letter, for which see Rule 5.

B. E.—The first firm you name will pay if you have any profits to receive, but as to the second we know nothing, and think you had better not deal with them. Don't take the advice which either of them give you, or, indeed, any outside broker, for they all run the stock against you, and, therefore, are interested in a direction opposed to you.

CAUTIOUS.—(1 and 3) Not bad investments, provided you understand you run the risks of trade. (2) We know nothing about the mine, but, as the reefs run nearly north and south, we should say it was off the line.

WIDOW.—Don't sell now. The company is said to be doing well, and there is talk of amalgamation with Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co. We don't know what the future may bring forth, but the prospects have not been so bright since the company started. There is a prospect of the shares seeing par.

L. R.—Why not buy United States 4 per cent. bonds or German 3 per cent. stock, or, for a more speculative sort of thing, Rosario and Cordoba 5 per cent. debentures or Uruguay 3½ stock.

UNRAVEL.—Very likely you are right. We are not experts in lottery bonds, and quoted from an old list. Even at your quotation, the price asked was 30s. too much.

AMBER.—(1) See "Notes" this week, (2) Gas Light and Coke A stock is a first-rate thing to hold. (3) Buy a few more to average. (4) A pure gamble, of which we know no more than you do.